VOL LIII. PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 300 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

of Congress in the year 1814 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the after of the Librarian of Congress at Bankington

No. 42.

### AN AWAKENING.

he silken tassels of the oak trees fall, And all the soft expectancy of Spring Breathes through the air; the plaintive linnets g, et up the clear-voiced thrushes call, an issume stars the southern wall, and december it tropic blessoms lie, be cloud against a supphire sky, retch the nodding hemiocks, sombre, tail.

The April sunlight with capricious gleam, Faint with the burden of the roses' musk, Dies 'neath a cloud, and leaves the world a-dusk;

# Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU, AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," RTC

> CHAPTER XVI. THICK-COMING PARCIES.

Can'et thou not minister to a mind diseased; Fluck from the memory a rooted sorrow; Baze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilons atom Which weighs upon the heart?

Doris Carlyon's swoon was of short duration. Only for that one brief moment did her insensibility last. When she opened her eyes, her guest in the Puritan costume was standing looking at her with a curious smile upon his face.

'Is this joy or serrow, Doris?" he saked.

hoarse and hollow under his armor. "You in have to cosset me up a bit, Miss Carlyon— I'm not half the man I was."
"I will come back presently. You will find wine there, as I told you. I will not even place it on the table if you distrust many armsh."

"I do distrast you; but we will change all that now I have come home."
"Of course you have come home. No-body will deny you any privilege you may claim here."
Hill the curious far-away look in her eyes, as though her mind was far distant; but her guest seemed too weary almost to notice it.

terrace, where there was room to walk There Emest Dormer found them when he came to claim his consist for the next dance.

"I do distrast you; but we will change all that now I have come home. No body will deny you any privilege you may claim here.

"Bit we can be come."

"This set is mine," he said. "I have been looking for you everywhere, Dorner the property of the dance of the strong her mind was far distant; but her guest seemed too weary almost to notice it.

"I believe I'm about done op," he said. "I would be so thankful if you list me off, I'm dreadfully tired, and it per the property of the said." I would read that the come here at all. I rather feared a warm sort of a reception. You are something it amed down. Mins Carlyon."

"You were mistaken, you see," she said. cookly. "But rest here as long as you than and meet me in the healt-room. You seem do the conduct, sreaking the dainty lace and the sords, sreaking the dainty lace and the sords, sreaking the dainty lace and the sords, sreaking of her heart. The corridor was dark and empty, and she the door, standing."

"Now, what is ahe up to?" he saked him ortice of the said and the door, standing, soft conthions, and shut the door, standing, soft conthions, and shut the door, standing was dark and empty, and she breath list med it he delicate springs of the subing of her heart. The corridor was dark and empty, and she the recent him errow the recent intentity. But here we were alone. She held her breath alone while she heard the slight click of a glass.

"There's not meek harm in that."

There's only w

0



"Nations," the places." It was the "Post and produced as a special to see man."
"Of course not had it was not do."
"Of states or place; prompts are had been supprise to see man."
"Of course not had it was not do."
"Of states or place; prompts are had been man," the produced as a second of the produced as a second of the place of

"Well, then, bestow it on me. If our steps do not suit, we can walk in the conservatory, or out on to the terrace. We'll keep on the edge of the circle near the windows."

It seemed as though Mr. Selwyn's step did not suit Miss Carlyon, for after a turn or two they vanished out on to the broad terrace, where there was room to walk. There Ernest Dormer found them when he came to claim his consin for the next dance.

expectation and nervousness. She would start from her sleep at the slightest sound, and a ring at the hall-door or a strange step in the hall would make her start and quiver.

what I know?"

"Certainly. Bit down, I beg."

"I am to blame, Miss Carlyon, perhaps, in what I did; but the facts were these. An old acquaintance of mine came from beyond seas a little while ago, and most unaccountably to me was possessed with a sort of madness about your ball. I firmly believe now that he was mad for he activity. believe now that he was mad, for he started believe now that he was mad, for he started from my house to come here, and has not been heard of since. I schemed to get a ticket for him—I need hit tell you how now—and I provided him with his dress. It was a very costly one, and I shall be a great loser if he cannot be found."

"What kind of a dress was it?"

"He was dressed as Oliver Cromwell, Miss Carlyon. Did he come here; and if so, what became of him? I cannot find out that any one has seen him since."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT MAD BECOME OF HALPH BUTHERPORD. I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people

"I don't quite see how I can help you,

at least tell me that."

"Yes, a person came here so dressed.

It was a jest, I imagine, suggested by my own assumption of the character of Henrisetta Maria. The man was a stranger to me, and I have no idea how he came here,

"Yes."

"It seems a strange business altogether,
"And you do not know when he left?"
"I do not. I had to say good bye to all
my greats; but you can readily miss one
or two out of three hundred or so. I can
inquire of the servants who attended in
the gentlemen's closk-room, if you like."
"If you would be so good, madam. I it a little longer, and allow me to provide

it with some clothen—that is, if it requires them."

"He wants everything, poor baby."

"Then take this from me and fit him out, and don't give him to the parish people without leiting me know. I should like to see him."

"I would send him anywhere to you—that is, if his father doesn't return," said Jabes, alarmed lest Miss Carlyon should propose to visit Limehouse again.

"Thank you. If he does not, I should like to see the child; but I couldn't visit your part of the world again even for that."

The langhed as she spoke; but there was

"Think you. It me does not, I securic like to see the child; but I couldn't visit your part of the world again even for that."

The laughed as she spoke; but there was a drawn, set look upon her face, and the hand with which she handed him some gold from her portmonnaie shook as with an ague fit.

"You will take some refreshment before you leave, Mr. Colliver," she said, " and I will have a check for the price of the lace made out for you."

Bhe bade him adieu kindly, and walked steadily out of the room; but she could hardly drag herself to her own bedroom when she fell fainting at the feet of her maid, terrifying that young person nearly out of her senses. Bhe was raised and put to bed, only to rouse and faint again, till Mrs. Bellew, in terror lest she was dying, sent post haste for Mr. Belwy, who was the nearest doctor.

He came at once, followed in a very short time by the family doctor from Warwick, who approved of all that had been done, and delighted the younger doctor's heart by his approval, and expressed a wish that Mr. Belwyn would stay and watch Mise Carlyon for a few hours.

Bhe was better in the morning, and ready to agree to her aunt's proposition that they should go away for a change somewhere.

The season was getting late for the sea; but still the bracing air of the coast would strengthen and invigorate her.

Jabez Colliver wont home more puszled than ever, and more fully convinced that the man who had called himself, an artist, and his son had grown up to follow the same profession. But a roving mania had seized the young man, and he had gone to sea, returning now and then for a time, and finally disappearing altogether.

The scar by which Jabez Colliver had now recognized him had been got in drag-

papers discussed it, and issued plates of Kuggolin Grange, and sketches of the dresses, so that to keep the knowledge of her whereabouts from her former victim deeply."

"He must have been very mad, or things go on under my roof that I know nothing of. I don't think he spoke to any one in the place. I expect you will find that his disappearance is only another phase of his madness."

her whereabouts from her former victim was impossible. Not that it signified much, Jasper Onslow cared nothing for her now. She might give a hundred balls, and he would not crave to be present at one. The little child seemed very content in the queer old Manor. Muriel undertook to see Miss Carlyon's gift laid out for him; and he played about in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, that told of a lonely infancy and a mind rather in advance of his years.

"I shall keep him a week," Jabez Colliver said, "and then I shall write to Miss Carlyon again. There need be no scruple

" Why?"

" Because he left a very sufficient guarantee for his return in my hands."

" Indeed!"

She did not say " What is it?" in words; but he answered her look.

" Yee, madam. A little child."

" A —little—child!"

The words seemed to come in dry ground. Carlyon again. There need be no scruple
in taking a little of her great wealth for a
poor little orphan, as I firmly believe this
toy to be.

"Do you fancy his father is dead?"
Muriel asked.

"I do." "Yes, madam. A fittle child."

The words seemed to come in dry gasps from Doris Carlyon's white lips, and she turned her head hastily, that he might not see the ashy pallor of her face. A sudden faintness esized her, and the room seemed to swim round with her.

"I have been very unwell since the ball," she said, in apology. "Over-excitement does not agree with me. I beg your pardon, Mr. Colliver-you were saying something about a child."

"Yes, madam. It is left at my house, poor thing, and I am loth to take it to the workhouse. It is a fine little fellow." A boy?"

"I think not, madam."

"I cannot tell. Ask me why we cat, drink, sleep, move. I seem to have an in-tuitive knowledge that it is so—that we shall never see Ralph Rutherford alive in the world ask. this world again.

this world again."

He gave notice to the police of the disappearance, but they were inclined to ridicule the whole thing. They declared there was nothing more likely than for a penniless tramp to leave his child wherever he could, and make off with a valuable dress that he could turn into money.

"But he couldn't walk away in it," Jabez argued, "and he had nothing else to wear." "It seems a strange business altogether, Mr. Colliver," Dorts said, after a pause. "I wish I could help you in it. Wail you let me know what you are going to do after a few days, if the—the man does not reap-

Taey wouldn't alter their opinion, though

they promised to help him, and made a few inquiries at Kingcolm, which resulted in nothing.

Before the end of the week the mystery was noived. A porter brought a large humper to the Manor, sarriege paid from Liverpool, and on being opened it was found to contain the dress which had been provided for Ealph Eatherford, a little coiled and tumbied, but not much the orres, steept the roffles, which were burn to piccos, as if from some sentile. Finned to the coal was an envelope containing a letter and a ten-pound note. The former was much serseved and blotted, but legisle, and the laster was genuios.

Jaher Colliver read the writing in much bewilderment, and handed it to Jasper and Muriel for their persons.

"He must be mad!" I wonder what he gone after. Before the end of the week the mystery

staring mad. I wonder what he's gone after.

"Levernoon, Oct 18th, 18—,
"Dran Old Frierd—I know I have been putting you to terrible anxiety about me, but I couldn't help it. If I ever see you again, I'll explain ail. I was mistaken the other day. I could get no clue to the party I wanted at Kingcolm Grange, and am following another trail now. I'm going to follow it to Lina in a ship that sais tonight. Get my boy into some school or institution if you can. There are plenty of good people about you who will put you in the way of it. Don't put the little beggar in the workhouse, for the sake of our old friendship. The enclosed will pay for the little one's keep. Don't let him forget his papa, who will come back for him some day. I'll send some more money if I'm a live man in three months. Your old friend. Entre Burnarous."

"H's a queer letter," said Jabez, when

"It's a queer letter," and Jabes, when they had all read it, "a very queer letter." "Do you think it is genuine," Jacon

asked.
"I don't know what to think. It sounds
genuine enough, but what I should like to
know is, where did he get the money?"

CHAPTER XVIII. SONE OUT WITH THE DAWN.

The fretful stir Unprofitable, and the fever of the world Have hung upon the beatings of my his Horizon

And so the mystery of Ralph Rutherford's disappearance came to an end, and
the little boy was left on the hands of
Jakes Colliver, who in due time wrote to
Doris Carlyon respecting him. That lady
sent a reply through her solicitor, effering
to adopt and provide for the child, with
Mr. Colliver's permission, and accordingly,
he was provided with an ontit of clothing,
prepared for him by Muriel, and sent to
the house of her steward, who was to take
charge of him for the present.

A few days after his departure, Jasper
Onslow received a letter from a consin of
his fathers in the south of France. He
was almost the only relation be had in the
world, and he had the reputation of being
fabulously rich, though he lived in a quiet
way enough. The letter stated that he was
in declining health, and would fain see
one of his own blood before he died. He
had a little property, he said, which should
be his comain at his death if he would
come and see him.

"A luttle is batter than note." Jasper

come and see him.
"A little is better than none," Jasper

eaid, showing the letter to his employer.
"Can you spare me, Mr. Colliver?
"Only for a little while now, my boy.
for and renew your acquaintance with
your consin, and then come back. I want
to go away myself after a fortnight or so." "Only for a little while now, my boy.

Go and renew your acquaintance with your coasin, and then come back. I want to go away myself after a fortnight or so." 'Go away?"

"Yes. Is there anything very astonishing in that?"

"No. hot."

"My dear child, we must time, and the end is likely to come to an old men like me at any time. I am not an itelipating—only taking precautions. If in anything befail me, written instructions will be found upon me what is to be done, and you will not be kept in suspense." Somehow or other Mursel's beart sank terribly at the prospect of the old man's absence. One of those strange forebodings which seize main spite of ourselves seemed to take hold of her, and she begged him, with tears almost, not to undertake such a

with tears almost, not to undertake such a journey on the edge of winter. But he only laughed at her fears, and told her he

never coinsidered weather or seasons when he took it into his head to go away.

She hearned from her landlady that periodical disappearances on Jabes Colliver's part were looked upon as things of course by the good people of Limehouse.

"He a been ever so much more civilized and Christianlike since you have been here," the woman said.
"Here "Here"

"How?"

"Why, in acting like other folks. He hasn't gone rampaging off the Lord knows where since you've come to him. Many's the time I've gone past the manor in the morning, and saw it all shut and barred up, and it would stay so for weeks together, perhaps with the police all watching it that no one should break in; and I have gone by again and seen it all open, and him sitting there and rating the boys as though he had gover been away."

"Then he comes and goes reddenly?"

"Suddenly ain't the word for it, ma'am—like a gheet, I cail it. Going forth with his stoff and his serie, he calls it. It's my hells feel if go forth once too often, and never come beck."

"I think he's too feeble new to go about alone in that way. He seems to me to fail very much laidly."

"The thought so too, ma'am. He must be a very old man. Those little apright people are so very decesting about their age. I should say he was a good bit past seventy."

"I wish he wouldn't go, or if he went, let Jasper go with him."

"Aye, that would be better; but he is such an odd old fellow, I don't suppose he would consent. He'll do very well, I dare say, Mrs. Onelow. He's healthy and sensible enough, though he is a little bit feeble. But the anxiety would not leave Muriel's heart, and she took opportunity to beg that Jasper might be allowed to share the old man's journey. Her pleadings were of no avail. He would go in his own old way, as he had done before.

"Heaven will take care of me, my dear," he said. "There is a providence watches over old folks and children, and I've always been asfe in his hands hither, to. Don't try to shake my faith, little woman; it's strong enough to earry me through all I shall encounter."

"I don't want to—it isn't that; but are you strong enough yourself for such fatigue? You haven t seemed so well lately, and—"I know, I know, my dear. I am not

"I know, I know, my dear. I am not so strong as I was every year at my age lessens the strength and adds to the burden—but I am well enough for what I mean to do. I don't think I shall ever take anto do. I don't think I shall ever take another journey. I have had one or two warnings to 'ast my house in order,' and I will come home and obey them."

She knew it was no use arguing, and the subject dropped. Jabes Colliver was to start on his journey as soon as Japper returned from France.

He came back at the end of a week, haven found his country to when had one.

returned from France.

He came back at the end of a week, having found his cousin, to whom he had promised to return whenever he should be summoned to his side.

"And that won't be long, I fancy," he said. "He seems very near his end, poor old fellow. He would not let me stay now. My first duty was to my employer, he said."

"No it is, Jasper—your very first. What is he like, this Mr. Onslow?"

"He's a queer old man, very like my father as I remember him, and extremely secentric, as I should imagine."

"A back-lor?"

"Yes, crossed in love some unmentionable nomber of years ago, and has shut himself up in that old house in Languedoe ever since. The people about there seem to fancy that I shall come into fabulous wealth when he dies."

"Then you are named his heir?"

"Yes."

"Then you are named his heir?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the will?"

"I did. Everything is left to me—the old house, the wormesten formiture, the lean pigs in the sty, and sil. We shall be able to go and live on our own estate, Murrid, when the old man dies."

"Do you think he is rich?"

"No, I don't. I believe what he himself says, that he has only a few thousand france and his house besides an annuity which does with him. I dare say, counting everything, we may be three or four thou-

"I've thought of that, Muriol, and I

think not. I've given a sort of promise to Mr. Colliver that I won't leave him, and if

his candle and watching us both. "You promised to let me tell her, James."
"And so you are telling her, aren't you?" he answered, rather brusquely. Only I wish you d be quicker about it, that she may have her father's kins and blessing before she goes to bed."
"What is it, mother? Tell me!" I cried, my anxiety increased at once by my father's impatience and a sort of reluctance I seemed to discern in my mother.
"Carry," she said, hesitating, and looking every now and then toward my father, as if she regretted his presence, "something has happened, which, if you can see it in the same light as we see it, will be a great blessing."
"Carry's not a fool!" cried my father, coming impatiently forward, and setting his candle on the table. "There's but one light for any one to see it in—I can't conceive what's the need of all this presmble. My dear girl, Mr. Duncombe of The Barton has been here this evening to ask you to be his wife—at least to obtain my consent to his putting the question to yourself. I told him he did na great honor, but that, "father might he pardonad for praxing." "No. that."
"No. what?"
"It having know what I was going to say, Somehow, you seem such a faiture that I wan I was also the say of the sake of your going way seems cold, that is not I wanted all over Europe sometimes, picking up and esting things. The roving mania has not been so strong upon masses, be bright face to look in upon na some since I have had your company, and your wife bright face to look in upon na some have hen, and shopely as the first belonely."
"I apply as the safe, and should again of water the present and the safe is the safe of what they could get No. that there was an happy here."
"I apply a see of the latter of the sake of waster than the safe in your should be safe in the safe in t

anoth myself.

"And how long shall you be away?

"I really can't tell. I'm apt to stray when I get across the Channel. Perhaps a month—perhaps two or three. I shall feel that the manor and all in it is safe in your charge.

"You will not shut it up, then, this imme?

"No. I will leave it to you, and sufficient money to meet the current expenses during my absence. You mustn't be alarmed if you don't hear from me. I'm not make for a penman; and if anything shound happen to me—death or aickness.

"Oh, Mr. Colliver," Mustle Went as she was bidden, but she could not sleep, nor imagine why her heart should be so full. She had a good hearty before she undressed. Somehow it seemed as though she had parted forever. Mr. Duncombe is so good and kind had nen like me at any time. I am not an old man like me at any time. I am not an old men like me at any time. I am not an identification will be found upon me what is to be done, and you will not be kept it suspense."

Bonchow or other Muriel's heart sank terribly at the prospect of the old man's absence. One of those strange forebodings which selize us in spite of ourselves seemed. It shall start with the first break of day."

"Aye we have two or three things to settle, the old man said. "He is going 'My daing, 'See said tremplant to the first break of day."

"Aye we have two or three things to settle, the old man said. "He is going 'My daing, 'See said tremplond, 'My mother shrank from my glance. "My daing, 'See me of. I shall start with the first break of day."

My mother shrank from my father's plainly indicated decision that there was nothing for me to do but gladly accopit Mr. Duncombe is so good and kind that level to the back. The door of communication was open, and he sold is likely to come to an old men like me at any time I am not an old men like me at any time I am not an old men like me at any time I am not an old men like me at any time I am not an old men like me at any time I am not an old men like me at any time I am not an old men like me at any time I am no articles which he should; listedy received.

The same of the part is the design of the same of the same which he same as an entropy part in the same was another to him, and early the same of the same which he same was and prompting the part of the same which he same was another to him, and the rough sprou in which I had been come time, and the same was provided to prome when you can did a price the terrace garden, sate of the same was provided to provide a tender of the same was an entire to him, and the same was another to him, and the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same than the same was another to him, and the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same than the same was not don't. The same was not to greatly the same than the same was not to greatly the same

The same is the same of the sa

to which we had a right by birth, there would not then be even bread to put into our months.

Even supposing that matters could continue as they were without getting worse, my little Kate was doomed, and Jim too, to a worse fate; for he would not mind my mother or me; and, as there was no money to pay for his being sent to school, he was running wild about the streets, in danger of contracting habits that must be his ruin if once he because confirmed in them.

It was of no use going to the window to discorn in the clear snumer night a well-known form walking up and down smoking before the house. I was not choosing. I could have no choice.

"Heaven bless and comfort you, dear, and make you forgive me!" I said to my-self as I watched the unconscious figure, and then, with a stiffed sob in my throat, let fall the blind, and went and lay down beside Kate. A passionate flood of tears would have done me good, but I dared not disturb her already uneasy sleep. She alept better than I did, however, that night, for the morning light was in the room before I closed my eyes. beside Kate. A passionate flood of tears would have done me good, but I dared not disturb her already nnessy sleep. She slept better than I did, however, that night, for the morning light was in the room before I closed my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

I was in the kitchen, putting away the breakfast things, the next morning when Mr. Duncombe rede over from The Barton, to the great discomposure of Patty, our little maid-of-all-work, who was washing little maid-of-all-work, who was washing little maid-of-all-work, who was washing at the gate. So bisses left for spoor old father, I suppose?"

I was through his fault, I knew, that I was obliged to sell myself and break Jack's heart, or, possibly worse still, his faith in good women.

The breakfast things, the next morning when was through his fault, I knew, that I was obliged to sell myself and break Jack's heart, or, possibly worse still, his faith in good women.

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The breakfast things, the next morning when was through his fault, I knew, that I was obliged to sell myself and break Jack's heart, or, possibly worse still, his faith in good women.

The breakfast things, the next morning down-stairs. As I was unfastening the door, my mother came out of the parior.

"Carry!"

I said, quietly. "He is in the road waiting for me; keep the children out of the way."

I was through the door, my mother came out of the parior.

"I am going to speak to Jack, mother," I said, quietly. "He is in the road waiting for me; keep the children out of the bard, way."

I was through the door, my mother came out of the parior.

"I am going to speak to Jack, mother," I said, quietly. "He is in the road waiting for me; keep the children

down the steps outside.

Mr. Duncombe—Squire Duncombe, as the people called him—was about sixty years old, but he had an erect, firm figure, and a splendid seat on horseback, that might have deceived any one as to his age. It was only when one was quite near and could scan his features closely that one perceived he had lived long—at least as the young count length of life—and yet even then the deep lines upon his face might seem to be written more by sorrow than by years. than by years.

I had reason to know that the stern ex-

That reason to know that the stern expression which the grizzled mustache gave to his lips belied a disposition of great benevolence, for, though I never knew presidently what circumstances first drew his situation to us and our difficulties, my mother had before now found in him a kind friend. To be sure she claimed consinship with the Fairfaxes, and, as he was Fairfax Duncombe, there may have been some distant connection.

She had seen him as well as I, and came hurrying into the kitchen.

"Carry, here he is," she cried, breathlessly; "and your father not up yet!" (he never was, when at home, before eleven o'clock.) "Fly up stairs, dear, and put on your Sunday dress—I'll talk to him till you come down."

Bat I shook my head, and, only taking off the rough sprout in which I had been washing the china, was going straight, in a most of hilled dames have the strange and the strange of the rough sprout in which I had been seed to us as a pair of lovers. The Squire led her through the suites of rooms, and the will appear to the first hereaft was should explore the terrace gardens, she fresh hereself vith afternoon the barrow has been she was for the washing the china, was going straight, in a suppor by the homekeeper—a much grander.

man—and my answer had been already determined for me by circumstances even more inexorable than the Squire's sixty years.

My hand lay in his like a lump of clay, but I did not suffer myself to hesitate.

"Yes," I said. I could not have spoken a word more. Then again I had to be thankful to the precise fashions which had prevailed when Mr. Duncombe was young. I had shuddered with the fear that my monosyllable reply would be followed by an embrace—I know how Jack's arms would have folded me round, and with what, difficulty I should have torn myself from his passionate caresses. But the Squire only raised my hand to his lips and kinsed it—ferrently, it is troe—and it was comparatively easy to submit to that. Then he led me to the borse hair sofa—I could not help wondering whether he had ever sat on shything so hard in his life before—and placed himself beside me.

"I could not tell you if I tried what your answer is to me," he said, with an earnestness which no amount of courtliness could rob of its simplicity. "It seems to wipe out the recollection of some thirty joyless years. I hope, my dearest girl, that you will never have cause to repent your goodness to me."

There was a real tenderness in his voice and manner which touched me, in spite of the old-fashioned sound in my ears of "my dearest girl." The Squire evidently put himself only in the balance, and at tached no weight to Tae Barton and a rentroll of some thomsands a year. And this in mworldliness of his gave me for the first time, and that as yet but vaguely, an idea that I was mot using him considerately or well. Still of course there was something ridiculous in his supposing that a girl of my age could possibly marry a man of sixty, for love.

This first uneasiness of conscience with regard to him, combining with my dwn mercand distasts to the situation, had no

This first uncasiness of conscience with

This first uncasiness of conscience with regard to him, combining with my dwn personal distasts to the situation, had no other effect than to make me endeavor to close the scene. I heard my mother, who had slipped up to change her dress as I opened the parlor door, coming downstairs, and called her in.

She was embarrasmed, and the Squire somewhat put out, but the measure disconcerted him for the time. However, before he went he arranged with my mother to bring over the carriage that afternoon, and drive her and me on a visit of inspection to The Barton. When he was gone, my nother threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"I am longing to see my darling in her new grand home?" were her first words to me.

heart, or, possibly worse still, his raith in good women.

The rest of the day was got through somehow and by four o clock mother and I, in our best bonnets, were sitting in the Squire's waggonette on our way to The Barton. My mother, unused to ride behind anything but a tired cab horse, was a good deal frightened at the way in which the pair of fiery horses tossed their creations and rattled along the road. Still she appreciated the dignity of the occasion; and when we happened to pass some acquaintances I could see that she was quietty elate. As for me, I was anahamed and unhappy—I wished myself anywhere class.

CHAPTER III.

gremainder of the visit to The Barton, and our drive home with the Squire, a penance to me.

As soon as Mr. Duncombe had driven away, I escaped up-stairs again, refusing to come down to tea. I had a sick head-acte, I said. And so I had—a sick head-acte, I said. And so I had—a sick head-acte, I said. And so I had—a sick head-acte, I said. And sick head looked out, with an inward oppression that made the summer evening seem full of gloom. The air was very still. A thrush was singing in some fields a little way off; the sound made me bow my head and cry bitterly; I thought no one had ever been so unbappy as I before.

It had grown quite dusk, when something rattied against the window—a pebble thrown up by some one from the road. Thinking it might be Jim, I drew back, unwilling to make him a confidant of my tears. Then, another idea occurring to me, I leaned as hastly forward, and sew Jack's well-known figure underneath the trees.

"Jack!" He was waiting for me there under the

He was waiting for me there under untrees.

"Is that you, Carry?" he asked, and I knew by his voice that he had already been told what had happened.

"Yes," I said, and, at once shaken and humbled by what was at the same time treason and sacrifice, I held out my hand through the bars of the gate. He would not take it at first—I saw the hesitation—but afterward seized it with a sort of hungry passion.

Copies

gwered in so many words. 'Yes, I will,'
your falsehoed if you forsake ms, will be
one whit the less. You know that only last
night, here in this very place we discussed
the future as something that must be identical to both. Only last night, Carry!
Doesn't the very time reproach you? When
Jim told me of this confounded old lover
of yours I almost bexed his ears, only I
didn't believe him. Then I met your father,
and he asked me to congratulate him.
Congratulate: I'd rather have knocked
him down!"

My poor lad—my poor dear Jack! The

him down:"
My poor lad—my poor dear Jack! The more farious he was with me the better I loved him; but, when I had resolved to marry the Squire, I had counted the cost, and foreseen that Jack's reproaches would be among the worst of the personal sufferings that I must undergo for the sake of others. So his resolvent viver me time to collect So, his passion giving me time to collect myself, I was not to be moved from my purpose by an outburst for which I was pre-pared, and which it seemed to be my duty to steel myself against.

pared, and which it seemed to be my duty to steel myself against.

"Listen to me, Jack," I said, as he paused at last, oboxed with his own vebenence. "We have known each other a long time, and you say you love me. Can't you imagine any good reason, any excuse even, for my marrying Mr. Duncombe?"

"Oh, a hundred," he answered bitterly, "Why, of course all your acquaintances will absolve you with one voice. "Throw over Jack Hull! Why, in the first place, abe never was, strictly speaking, engaged to him, and, in the second, he had nothing whatever to marry on—was hardly in soto him, and, in the second, he had nothing whatever to marry on—was hardly in society even. Sensible girl to shut the door in his face, and marry the head of the first family in the county, though he has a queer temper, and is old enough to be her grandfather! Exonses! why, it doesn't want

'And if you add—' Her sister was dying "And if you add—'Her sister was dying for want of luxuries that to her were necessaries of life, her brother was growing up in the gutter, her father was gutting deeper and deeper into debt, and her mother was breaking her heart; the man she loved was as poor as herself; so—though, if Heaven had pleased she would rather have died—she married a rich man for the sake of her family—would that want an excuse—eh, Jack?"

He was silent for a minute, and then an-

—th. Jack?"

We was filent for a minute, and then answerd stabbornly—

"Nothing can ever excuse it to me."

I was hardly prepared for this obstinate indignation, and sighed in my despair of making him take a fair view of that which I was going to do.

"Take heart, Carry," he said then, more bitterly than ever. "If it costs you a pang now, it will be soon forgotten; you'll be a rich man's wife, and the making of your own family. You'll only have disappointed a poor fellow of his expectations—taught him to be more careful how he treats a woman again—made him a wiser man, in fact. You need hardly sigh for that."

"There, are we to part in anger, Jack?"

"Part?" The arreastic tone was loat in the accents of a more vehement passion.

"I don't know yet that I shall let you go."

I was a little afraid of him, but, not wishing further to incense a mood which was evidently rough enough already, forebore to cast even a glance toward the gate.

"I'll stay as long as you like," I said,

gate.
"I'll stay as long as you like," I said, gently; "but you may as well let me go as rail at me—I've enough to bear without

- CO

ness altegether, seemed to make him quite that it seemed my duty. It deed I only

neasy.

"Send the girl to bed, mother, "he urged, fretfully; "she looks like a mealy potato. Make her go and lie down for an hour, or she won't be fit to be seen when Dancombe

comes over."

As I preferred solitude in my then state
of mind, I so far compiled with this mandate as to go to my own room; but I was
too restless to lie down, or to let Kat
bathe my head. I looked my door against intruders, and sitting down in the window, waited for the Squire.

that it seemed my duty. It deed I only meant to do right."

"That I believe," answered the Squire.

"At least I mean to keep my trust in you though I lose everything else. Come, I see, though rather late, what my purt in the play must be, and accept it with the best grasse I may. After all, I am only an old man, and must stand aside to let the young folk be happy. I had a talk with your Mr. Hall last night, and I think he will have some good new to tell you when

will have some good new-to tell you when be comes—which he will presently. I made him promise not to present himself until four o clock—I said I should not re-

belle my lead. I looked my door against introders, and sitting down in the window, waited for the Squire.

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

Mr. Dancowbe did not come till the afternoon. I saw him soming, walking this time, and rather slowly, his head hittle beat and his hands behind him. My father had gone out some time before: we, knowing that my mother would be sorn, palous in keeping out of the way, I ran how and the part of the same and any own resolve, that I did not notice his manner or anything peemliar—if there was anything—in his greeting. I had determined to rell him the truth without determined to rell him the truth without determined to rell him the truth without determined to sell dispected to have may it may beart had been long ago given away to another man. But the topic seemed ourrage enough for the attempt, I found myself sitting silent on the sort, the Squire in a chair opposite equally silent, during in a chair opposite of the black copy of the silent of the core of the silent opposite equally silent, during in a chair opposite of the silent opposite of the core of the c

think kindly of his faults)—
"George Fairfax is very fond of being with our Kate."
"He's a sweet tellow," says my mother, in a tone of approval that I very well understand.
"May I have a cup of your tea, Mrs. Hall?" says George, as he and my sister both come in at the long French window, open to the sunset and the shelving lawn; and Kate comes behind me to whisper, with a kins—

searchinely rough anough already, for the case, and the case, and the case is a search of the case of ble with fallowing relative and in fearth of the company of make with when the best part of the classifier. The make and the thought for the company of the classifier and the short and the thought for the company of the classifier and the short and the thought for the company of the classifier and the short and the short and the company of the classifier and the short and the s

### WATCHING THE BABY.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WATCHING THE BABY.

It need to be a pleasant recreation. But that was before mounted cradies and baby-jumpers and nursers-maids were brought into general use. The playthings were cheap, if not home-made, and were exceedingly primitive in their construction. A cigar box, mounted on spools and drawn with a string, served as a carriage, and the doll drawn in it was made of rags and dressed in calico. There was a jumping jack of card board, which furnished endiess entertainment, and clam shells that made the nicest tes cups, and a top, and a whistle that grandpa made out of a poplar stick, and a score of blocks picked up in a carpenter shop. Buby watched the building with eager interest, crowed when it was finished, and knocked it down with his foot in infinite glee. The peck measure was a seat for him to sit on, or a little world for him to put in disorder and upset, when the whim struck him, or a car for him to get in. The broom handle was an unfailing horse that always came to time. Crandma's ball of yarn was always in order, and when other sources failed there was the cat's tail, the pulling of which invariable produced music if it did not prevariable produced music if it did not preorder, and when other sources failed there was the cat's tail, the pulling of which invariably produced music if it did not precipitate a catastrophe. Sometimes a drawer got open and haby reveled in its contents, and sometimes the button bag was a mine of treasures. There was endless fun in getting the little, toddling, tumbling fellow up on his feet for a trot, and a tin pan with a tron score and a bandful of heart with an iron spoon and a handful of beans was a act of paradise and furnished delight for a milleonium. B.by grew up and made fun enough for the whole household to pay for

millenniam. Baby grew up and made fon enough for the whole household to pay for his care ten times over.

That way of tending the baby is now ob solets. The half floor has been carpeted. The primitive playthings have been burned to make room for a bushel or two of toys. A hired servant, who cares only for her pay and carries a dime novel in her pucket to read by steath, watches the little fellow in an indifferent way, pushes the toys up to him now and then, stuffs him when he cries, and when he cries from the atuffing doses him from the bottle she carries in her pocket. She cannot play herself. All the play has gone out of her She does not quite see what babies are born for. She looks on them all as trials of patience, and as sure to bring out the bad temper in one as a mutatral positice to raise a blister. The "dear little feilow" is the one plague of her life, and the only comfort she has is when ahe has admitistered pargoric enough to make him sleep and wonders whether southing symp or the doctor will best meet his case.

doctor will best meet his case.

At any rate something must be done right away, and as she has got a new suit of clothes for the little fellow, showing his aweel little white knees, she must trot it out to the neighbors can see what beantiful eyes and hair he has, and how the blue jacket with silk triumings becomes his complexion. And baby endures it all, runs the gauntlet, escapes from his enemies, and finally survives even his school teachers, with the endless cramming, and appears with the endiese cramming, and appears with faultiese swallow-tail and irreproachs with faultiess swallow-tail and irreproachable kids on his way somewhere. Bome babies are terribly tough. You can no more kill them than you can give dyspepsia to an india-rabber doll. But for every guits percha baby that is proof against nurses and doses and parental folly, there are a dozen real flosh and blood creatures who cannot stand such treatment and fall by the way. They make beautiful funerals; but if there were an honest inquest held in nine cases out of ten the verdict would be. "Died of had tending." Then this sort of care never trains children to acuse them selves. They have a surfeit of toys. Died of had tending. Then this sort of care never trains children to accuse themselves. They have a surfeit of toys, but are not taught to get amusement out of them. The modern baby with a houseful of playthings has very little of the real rollicking pleasure and fun that the boys and girls used to get out of single toys a quarter of a century ago. The trouble is not in the toys but in the tending. Then it was real; now it is make believe. Then it enticed by sympathy; now it repels by want of it. Then it trained to self care; now it develops dependence and creates a desire to be sumed and cared for by others. Then it unsealed a founts of juy is the heart; now it chokes the inward spring and breaks down vitality, if not constitution. Babies are very good things in a house where they are wanted and rigotly cared for.

start—who calculate the cit is amount they can slight their work and yet not get apon size turned around and such for expression of their employers goods—will always be the first to receive notice, when times are dul, that their services are no longer required.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC for May is a rich number. The chief attraction to many readers will be Izawell's "Agassis." The post "Would but mem wise the shining half of his lorge mature that was turned to me

A few master-touches of character paint bim to the life.

"His magic was not far to seek, —
He was as hitman! whether strong re weak,
He was as hitman! whether said nor nonced,
Far from his kins he norther said nor nonced,
But sai an equal g at a tev ry bound;
No begge ever felt him conflores."
No perty e presume; "for effit himself by hare
At memboods" ampie heart, and whereby
He met a stranger, there he left a friend,"

"Ample and ruddy, the room's on the fills As to our firmula were, our light and heat, Centre where minds dive so and various skills Find their warm needs and stretch unhamp feet."

The purse of arrowining all men's like the sea."

"His mind was its own ample sphere,
And the those in litting or at that through the party one longeration, his in the large many of the confidence of the control and many of the longeration of the large many of the longeration and the longeration of mentals also here to be set in labeling of mentals also here in the large many of the larg

"The shape erect is prome: forever stilled. The witning tongue; the forehead's high-piled heart which every adence below to build, I wanter had be good as the condition of the known at least if Life or Death by heart."

A New Parm in Electrical Thenaparties: an account of Professor Eugabeth J. French's Great Discovery of Ecotrical Cranial Disgnosis, and the scientific application of Nine Different Corrents of Elec tricity to the Core of Disease; to which are added plain directions for the treatment of disease by Prof. French's system of Electrical Applications By Elizaberth J. Franch: Published by the author, 1609 Summer street, Philada.

The title of this book is so full and comprehensive that it is only necessary to add a quotation from the author's introductory:

if am able to prove, both in theory and practice, that electricity scientifically applied is the safest, most reliable, and most universally beneficial of all curative systems yet known to mankind. Also, I affirm unbeastastingly that medical electricity can be understood and applied as a science, far more exact in its laws and workings than any other remedial agent how in practice."

than any other remedial agent now in practice." A handsome portrait of the author em-bellishes the volume. The Brantass Crown, and other Poeti-cal Selections. Philadelphia: J. B. Lip-pineatt & Co. A volume of choice poems, selected in the spirit of the motio on the title page.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not legest;
but them art, to dust returnest,
Was not s, when of the soul."

The intention is evident not merely to entertain the reader, but gently to lead him heavenward. We note Whittier's glowing and reverent "Paleatine," and Longh-liow's noble "Palm of Life," and Miss O ogood's spirited "Laborare est Orare," worth all the rest of her writings put together, and as sweet singing multi-lude of an iny-uous posts hardly less excellent, and certainly not less breathing the lofty and lowly spirit of Christ. A valuable book for private onlyment and reference.

RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE BY HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claston, Remson & Haffelfinger, Philada.

OUS FRED; OR, SEMINARY LIFE AT THURSTON BY MARTHA FARQUIARMON PUBLISHED BY DOME & Meed, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Romson & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Miss LESLIES NEW RECEIPTS for Cooking. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers Padish.

THE GYPSY CHIEF BY GROROK W. M. REYNILLIS PADISHED by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Pullada.

Dead, but not Buried.

Dead, but not Buried.
When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be required in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However

The Bhode Island Girl.

The Bhode Island Girl.

Bhode Island girls are not wanting in the art of gently insinuating that, like flurkis, "they're willin." It was only recently that a lady walking one evening, under the classic shades of Brown University, overheard the following conversation between a young lady and gentleman just in front of her.

"Charley, did you over hear it said that if a person found a four-leaved clover and put it in their shoe, the first gentleman or lady the person walked with would be their husband or sife?"

"No-never heard of it hefore."

"No-never heard of it before."
"No-never heard of it before."
"Well, I found one and put it in my shoe this morning, and you are the first person I have walked with. I wonder if it true?"

is true?"

The public is left in cruel suspense as to what further transpired.

Put the System in Fighting Trim -The Put the Nation in Flating Trim. The great object in cases of indigestion and the accompanying derangemen s of the liver, howeds and nerve, is to put the stonach in a condition to dissolve, readily and without pain, the food submitted to its action. This is accomplished, and much more than this, by the daily use of Hoererten's Neumann Herrans. A down should be taken before every used. The good effect will soon be apparent. The loss of flesh, strength and energy which manify occurs in dyspepsis will be arrested. The determination of bits to the sh'n will coase, and that cathartic field will pass into the bewels and assist in keeping them free. Every organ outcoded with or dependent upon the efformach will be toned and renovated. The kidners, the sifters of the system, will be hencificially infinenced, as

See Deuteronomy Chap, all, Verm Zi. The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains via festering poisons all organic functions a e-weakened (thereby, Seftling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver or kidneys, the effect is most dissections. Hence it behoves every one to keep their blood in a per-fectly healthy condition and more especially does

with to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quark patient nontrums by recommending it to care every disease, nor does he so recommond it, on the contrary there are hundreds of disease. In the schemetage it will not care, but what he does claim is this, that there is but one torm of blood disease that it will not care, and that disease it career. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most exactly blood cleanest pet discovered, and that it will fee the hold and system of all other known blood poteons, be they animal, vege-table or mineral. The Golden Discovery is non-cented by him to core the worst forms of Skin be-case, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eroptions, also a l'Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrafulous and I legrated Sores of Nack, home of Scientifications and the Constant Series of Nets, Legs or other parts, and all Scrotlions Discases of the Bonce, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Discases, all of which belong to Scrotlions Discases, all of which belong to Scrotlions Discases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP JOINT DISKASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, IA., July 14, 1874.

Dr. Framon, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Six—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have bad five doctors at an expense of \$185, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

operation.

July 16th, 1875, he writes thus: My wife has July 16th, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has a certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Di covery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not superfied to live a week when she commenced using if, a year ago, 8the has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty buttles and stid using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we articluste it all to the use of your valuable medicine. cine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood purifier and strength restorer.

J. M. ROBINSON.

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DR. RADWAY & CO., 22 Werran Bing mys of New Fork.

Comment

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# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

IPHILABELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874

TERMS--Always in Advance.

lagio copp. 58.00 a year, papable in ofwance, act suffing justiage, which is twenty comic a year, and shile at the office where the paper is received, at year; pencify subscribes will be critical to a copy of Fremtiam Chrome, or to one of our large baselite. French in Sheel Sugrevings—"The

putings.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

So. 219 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

# SPRING FASHIONS.

There is no very marked change in the style of garments this season. Shapes are modified, and trimmings slightly different. Variety is studied, but seems to be attained with difficulty. In cutting overshirts, for instance, the two sides are unlike, for Variety is studied, but seems to be attained with difficulty. In cutting overshirts, for instance, the two sides are unlike, for no conceivable reason except novelty; one will be long and the other short, the back or the front breadth omitted;—something irregular the dressmaker is bound to achieve, and to make all singularities combine barmonionaly, graceful draping is relied upon. Seant flounces, wide for the under, narrow for the overskirt, are still used, because nothing answers the purpose so well. The new tonch is to shirr them at the top—running two or three gathering threads about half an inch apart. The process is to baste down the top of the flounce an inch or so, then take two needlefuls of silk and run them along together, which enables you to draw them both at the same time evenly, leaving a tittle ruffle at the top. They are sewed on the dress carefully by hand. Two rows are snough for beauty, and tedious enough for conscience. By the time you have gathered some yards of ruffling in the smallest possible stitches, you will conclude that the art of framming has not improved in simplicity.

The sewing machine is not so much used need, because nothing answers the purpose so well. The new touch is to shirr them at the top—running two or three gathering threads about half an inch apart. The process is to baste down the top of the flounce an inch or so, then take two needlefuls of silk and run them along to gether, which enables you to draw them both at the same time evenly, leaving a little ruffle at the top. They are sewed on the drass carefully by hand. Two rows are enough for beauty, and tedious enough for consessence. By the time you have gathered some yards of ruffling in the smallest possible stitches, you will conclude that the art of trimming has not improved in simplicity.

The sewing machine is not so much used as formerly. In silk and woollen material the akirts of dresses are run by hand, as they are more sure to hang properly; and most of the trimming is made in the same way for superior degance. The hems of flounces are turned up on the right side, and instead of machine stitching, a little bias fold is inserted at the top, and the whole finished by hand. Of course for chirtres and lawns and all other materials suitable for machine work, it is used as much as ever.

The old fashioned stuff, deboge, is often.

white and color, with an exquisite border of natural looking flowers. In black and natural looking flowers. In black and white lines with a rosy wreath for reffling, or blue with violets, or brown with deli-

white lines with a rosy wreath for roffling, or blue with violeta, or brown with delicately shaded ferns and grasses, all are captivating and varied enough to sait all styles and completions. The elegant transparent robe organdies make up attractively as over-dresses to wear with light silk shirts. There is so much aristic shill employed of late in these beautiful fabricatrating vines of rich colors wreathing with natural grace the plain-tinted ground-work—that the effect is thoroughly tasteful. The simplicity in trimming predicted for this season is only seen in jackets, basques, and over-dresses, for which cords, prings, hands and butions, lace and fringe are used. Shirts are puffed and roffled, founce upon flounce, more than ever. It is not so bad if the stuff is light, but unless it is light indeed, the result of this mass of trimming must be tragical. And the majority of women submit to be thus weighed down. Their very lives are a burden from the tight and heavy clothing that makes health an impossibility. However, the heavy of the life for the life that makes health an impossibility. Some-times it is the husband's fault. He is so

that makes health an impossibility. Sometimes it is the husband's fault. He is so fond of seeing his stately wife trailing rich silks elaborately ornamented, that he "don't believe" there is any harm in it. So the silent martyrdom goes on.

Straw hats and bonnets come in great variety of shape, and not much difference between the two. Leghorn is a kind to be recommended, as it is becoming, is not expensive, and can be pressed over for another season. The turned-up rime look hare in front, and accordingly they are covered with the prettiest of face trimmings—choice wreaths of flowers, and dainty puffings of lace and silk. The flowers are exquisitely natural, seeming to lack nothing but fragrance. Soft silk scarfs passing round the crown, and fastened in abunch of loops without ends, are used as foundation trimming for hats, and flowers and leaves cluster about them—the decoration rather massed toward the back. Instead of ribbon sashes, they are made of see fit willed silk like the neckties, with hastied fringe on the ends. It is said to to the hadden to be changed to buy them ready-made for six

Comes :

dollars at a Chastout street store, than to make them.

New York authorities say that trailing skirts for the street are increasingly wors, but we are happy to say that no such untidiness is fashionable in Philadelphia.

Dreases are either unde short, or held up. Our city does not have the dors-syed.

Our city does not have the dors-syed. dollars at a Chesteut street store, than to make them.

New York authorities say that traffing skirts for the street are increasingly wors, but we are happy to say that no such un-tidiness is fashionable in Philadelphia. Drasses are either made short, or held up. Our city does not have the dove-sped, dove attired Friends, like troops of the shining ones, walking its streets for nothing. The cleanliness which is next to god-liness ruling their whole apparet, has a wholesome affect upon the world's people about them. Among its many higher uses their spiritual mindedness has always been observed to exercise a refining, chastening influence upon the fashions prevailing here.

E. P.

### THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A good many things, some of them good, many sharp and occasionally cruel, having been said of mothers-in-law, now comes one of that much-talked of class and tells her side of the story. That she tells it well will be admitted by all who read it.

Left a widow, after a few years of most unhappy married life, I retired, with my two children, to a small town where I intended to subsist upon my very moderate.

tended to subsist upon my very moderate means and to devote myself to the care of

means and to devote myself to the care of their education.

I think the enjoyment we have in our children before they reach the age of ten is very great. All faults and evil tendencies seem so sure to be eradicated with time, we can soarcely believe the pains we are tak-ing will ever have any but the desired result. These early promises are so beau-tiful. Every childish liking seems a talent, lacking only opportunity to develop into excellence.

lacking only opportunity to develop into excellence.

My girl and boy went to school in the morning. In the afternoon we walked together and we three all enjoyed those long, rambling walks. Then our tea-table and our evenings, when I read to them—bow delightful was our companionship. How I tried every way to sow the good seed. I have said that my means were small, but my wants were few, and I considered it my dety to make them fewer for my children's sake. I took ours that they were always well-dreased, often working until late at night upon their clothes—my own were plain enough. They never knew, of course, the sacrifices I made that they saight have pleasure.

That we children loved me respected.

chintree and lawns and all other materials suitable for machine work, it is used as much as ever.

The old fashioned stuff, debege, is often chosen for travelling dresses, and the excessive plainness of it relieved by folds of a darker shade, either of the same material or of silk. A bias band is stitched on as beading for the wide flounce, another borders the overshirt, the ouff are composed of the dark shade, and it lines the long English turn-over coliar now used to some extent instead of the stand-up ruff, which is warm for summer.

Tulle ruches are pretity as ever, and exceedingly becoming atte the scarfs of black lace and spotted or sprigged net edged with Spanish Lace, worn about the neck. They are half a yard in width, and extend below the waist, or farther, according to taste and means—to the edge of the overshirt or even below. A simple way is to get a yard of net, out it in half length wise, and border it with Spanish lace. Another "beautifler" is the small white veid dotted with black drawn across the face. Because it is beautifying, it has grown common, whether this issufficient reason for returning to the regular black lace veif, each will decide for herself.

An elegant garment for summer wear with any colored skirt is the polonaise of black striped silk greenadine, trinmed with yak lace. The new polonaise patterns are more simple, and in summer stuffs unobjectionable, as they cannot well be heavy: the waist only is lined. And a pretity way of making up the leantiful robe lawns is in the belted basque as well as the skirts. This robe material comes in hair lines of white and color, with an exquisite border of natural looking flowers. In black and white lines with a rosy wresth for reflue; the polonaise patterns of the care of had a touch of the intermittent fever, ser-vants were great plagues, housekeeping a dreadful trouble. Disturbed beyond mea-sure by the reiteration of these lamenta-tions, I decided to go and see for myself-how they were circumstanced, and be of what assistance I might for a short time. So one winter morning, leaving Fanny with an intimate friend and entrusting my house and all it contained to the care of one servant, I left home alone. Arriving after dark at my destination, I found the two young servants epoping a very comtwo young servants enjoying a very com-fortable meal in the kitchen and the baby asleep alone in a chilly nursery. My son and his wife were out spending the evening with some friends. Their surprise and pleasure at seeing me on their return home with some Friends. Their surprise and pleasure at seeing me on their return home appeared great. Upon conversing with Maria the next day, I found her to be very ignorant as regarded baby's requirements. "He does cry so dreadfully," she said. I stayed there a whole month: perhaps it was too long, but there always seemed to be something for me to do. I took charge of the little creature whenever his mother wanted to spend an evening in company, which was not seldom. Many and many a lonely hour did I spend in that dimly lighted room listening to that low breathing, rather than trust him to the awkwardness of the young girl who professed to railfil the duties of a child's murse. I did a great deal of sawing for Maria, of whom I became funder than I had ever expected to be.

great deal of sewing for Maris, or whom I became funder than I had ever expected to be.

James had a relapse of his intermittent fever. His wife knew nothing about sickness; I nursed him—I who had never known fatigne when he had needed anything in former years, would surely not fail him now. I sat up with him night after night, and showed the cook how to prepare nice dishes for him, such as I knew he liked—that is to say, I prepared them while the cook looked on. Whetever was wanted now, up stairs or down, I was the one to plan and to do. At last I began to think I ought to return to Fanny; and seeing James fairly convalueent, I sought the train for my former houseward. Nitting in the reliroad car, a party of young people took places in front of me, laughing and salking with eager animation, principally about persons I knew nothing of, ex-

"Oh! well, they had a mother-in-law raging around islely, so I have kept away."
"Bo have L."
Here followed a langh of derision.
"A mother-in-law!" exciaimed another; that is hard; I do pity them, indeed."
"But I hear she is off now."
"But I hear she is off now."
"But I hear she is off now."
"I was the mother-in-law on whose account friends kept away. I remembered the weary nights in that sick room; the weary days, when, suffering from the loss of sleep, I strangled to seep my eyes open, that I might attend to the various little household duties. All this was the "raging around" which excited the risible massless of those lively young people. I thought of Fanny, her good looks, her intelligence, her affectionate nature, and found myself wondering what her future was to be. But here we are. There she was waiting to meet me, dear child; but there was some one with her, a most insignificant looking individual, with very prominent syss and large whickers. Why did my heart sink with a melancholy foreboding? How glad she was to see me again. Bhe introduced her companion to me as Mr. Jenkins, and whereas I was all anxiety to be alone with her, Mr. Jenkins, with a great flourish of politeness, walked all the way home with us. Before I could until the strings of my bonnet, he told me that Fanny had promised to marry him. I was thunder-struck, having, in annoyance of half an hour before. I had read with much attention, in various highly lauded books, of the great and imperative duty of bringing up a girl to be a helpmeet for a noble man—this dapper little manakin! He seemed amiable, but so utterly insignificant. He had uninteresting parents, and weak, plain sisters, all of whom made a perpetual amusement of the engagement. My parior was given up to them entirely—that is, to him and his sisters. I seemed always de trop when I entered, judging by the sudden silence which followed the animated talk. My coming was an interruption. I began to sit up-stairs. I always walked alone.

Having avoided all society and all acquaintanc

be cultivated. I found no congeniality in either of the two families with which my children were connecting themselves.

After two years they were married; and after a year of boarding aspired to the dignity of keeping house. After looking at many dwellings one was selected, one which required a great many repairs, and now my services were in very great request; I attended to all the directions Mr. Jenkins wished given to the workmen; I stayed in the cold empty rooms all day, when there was nothing to sit on but an empty caudlebox. I did the necessary quarrelling with the plumbers, and bore the saubbing of the upholesterers; and I put the furniture in the places I thought best, by degrees changing it all to suit his tastes. I washed all the chima and glass; and sometimes fancied, when I got dirty doing all this, that I was happy. I had so long been accustomed to work for those I loved that it was hard to learn that there night be any reproach connected with it. I must do Fanny the justice to say that she was very

was hard to learn that there might be any reproach connected with it. I must do Fanny the justice to say that she was very kind and grateful to me.

On the last day, after having some cold tea out of a pitcher on the corner of a mantelpiece, I overheard Mr. Jenkins, who had brought a friend in to admire his new dwelling, say:

"Well, the carpets are down, the furniture is all here, and I think now when we get our servants, and engage a baker and a milkman, and are entirely rid of the mother-in-law, we shall be really to move in:

move in."
Both children married, I had the solitary it the house to myself, and very solitary it was. I tried to get up some spasmodio friendships with my neighbors, but being hollow, these forced intimacies soon fell through. But I ought not to complain; it is the way of the world.

I only wonder if considering the love we have for our children, young or old, the world is not apt to be a little hard upon the mother-in-law.

# A Frenchman's Opinion of American

A Frenchman's Opinion of American Women.

For several years, "the aceptre of beauty," which hitherto has exclusively be longed to Parisian women, strikes us as having passed into the hands of the American ladies. It is not because the latter have more taste, or proneness to expenditure than the women of Paris. It arises simply from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race, being formed of the fasion of more than ten different races, is to-day richer, more happily endowed, under the triple relation of strength, health and beauty, relation of strength, health and beauty, than ours. The question is not here about the intellectual qualities, and yet I should do right to speak of the tact, taste, and good practical scene of the beautiful Yankees. These charming women, in whose voins shifful micrographers might find globules of English, German, French, Dutch, Italian and Spanish blood; perhaps also, in searching well, some slight corpuscies of the blood of the red-skins, these American women have consequently agradually become better made and more elegant than the French women. It is no pleasant to us, without doubt, but it is pleasant to us, without doubt, but it is a petitled matter hereafter that the apple of the shepberd l'aris, to express myself classically, belongs to them. If at about it we o'clock, in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysres, you meet some beautiful young woman, elegantly and correctly dressed—largs, or small, but oftener large—with very black or flaxen hair, with pretty feet, carefully shod, with a high-bred air, a figure replete with grace, beantiful eyes, fine teeth, indeed one of those women who cause all heads to turn round, and whose charm exists, but cannot be analyzed, you may be sure that she was born on the banks of the Delaware or the Ohio. Likewise if at a ball, or at the operatyon see everybody hastening upon the passage of another woman, with shoulders extremely well, though obsetely decolled, whose intelligent look, musical tones, sweet and agreeable manner, attract all ettled matter hereafter that the apple o of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where be no inquiry, or if you do, you will learn that this woman is an inhabitant of New York or Washington. The danghters of William Penn are almost all sirens, who would charm the sage Ulysses himself, if he should live seath in the world, and allowed himself the pleasure of looking at them.

Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he need to go."

Ones he go to those places now?" ask-d the sided, after a while, "I'm going to be a sailor too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentle-

Of A child two and a half years old was playing with her father's walking-stick, which had a crooked handle. He asked her what she was doing with that cane. "It isn't a case," she replied. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "It s an umbrella without any clothes on."

### OH, MY PYTHIAS! BY BENRY PETERSON.

Yee, he lies there with a ball in his broast-nee, the red bland has onced out on his vest; In his cleeched hand the weepon whose power smote down his life to its fullows and down; Cold his white how, but cain and serene, Brow where the kinese of genius have been, And on his lips there yet lingers a smite, Hall of sorrow, half scorn, yet triamplant while.

And on his lips there yet lingure a framphant if all of sorrow, half secons, yet triamphant while.

The cari of the wave ere it broke in the etrife.

Ah, who shall tell daughters, who shall tell wife, Oh my Pythiae!

Twenty, see thirty long years have passed by Binco we were school-friends, that man there and I. Rworn friends at study, at play, and in fight. Always together from morning till night. Red were his checks then, eyes clear and blue, a voice like a hell, not a tone but was true. Our his white forebead awept waves of brown hair.

Buch was he; now, worn-out and crushed, he lies there.

The faults were the virtues, on mans, some services birth.

In the stern case of life they weighted thee to earth.

With a spirit less noble, less free from all stain,
A monarch mong men, thou mightet now live and reign;
With a soul whose co d selfshness counted no cost,
Always seeking to win, no matter who lost,
Thou mightet now be weathy and honored and
great—
It was in thee to be of the proudest a mate,
Oh my Pythias!

Alas, for success thou wast too much a man;
Thy nature was made on too generous a plan,
On would some kind angel had stripped thee at
hirth
On half of thy powers, and unwinged thee for earth,
Fruned away all thy longings for poetry and art,
Leptived thee at least of one-half of thy heart,
Made thee a release of science, with never a thought
Save of things that are sold, and things that are
hought.

Save of things that are sold, and things to a be bought,
Thus put all thy fixed and best under ban.
And let these as excellent 'business man,'
Then thou mightst have "succeeded,' and fived out thy life.
In a prosperous bonse, with thy children and wite, itself thy friends cluster round thee, and orators prate.
What an honor thou wast to thy kindred and state, list then wast too gifted, and now heat there,
Like an angel of God given up to despate.
Oh my Pythias!

Oh my Pythias:

I tell but the truth, oh men that are wise,
th women, whose tears are like pearls in your eyes,
You know it is true, that the nobious may fail,
While the vile and the mean may prosper through all,
The Savieur of men be nailed up to the cross,
The betrayer of women know never a loss,
Then nedge not my friend, though he lies there at
rost,
All vanquiched and torn, with the ball in his breast,
Oh my Pythias!

On the Patterson of Pattell—had that only been his, could be only have met want and woe with a kise, Could be only have trusted, 'mid darkness and his give. The second patters was wrong, the Creator was right, Itad be yielded in patience his back to the weight, And borne with cains forebead the busices of Fate, Treading out the sail path that so many have trod, And true to the last to himself and his trod, And true to the last to himself and his trod, Italy the sail burst, either hereafter or here, The sam which there is forth, and the choude disappear; To doubt the were treason to window divine—Oh, Patience had saved thee this one sin of thine, Oh, Patience had saved thee this one sin of thine,

This man, with the with thus, for thou never counses feel
Thes server that pierced to his soul as sharp steel.
All uncrowned as he is, he will enter the siglefore thousands who prosper, and peacefully desstand sside, and protate not his served cold form,
This man was a Man, though he said 'heath was
storm,
Though, when tempted, he fell, and went down in
the strife;
the strife;
Oh my Pythias!

# A BOY'S STORY.

About thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a book-tore, in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a

geography.
"Plenty of them," was the salesman's

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."
He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money."

money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smite, and left the store. I followed him, and overteck him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

ceed?"
"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in sur-

prise.
Four different stores I entered with him,

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I saked.

"Yes, sir: I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much be had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

the proprietor.
"Yes, very much."
"Why do you was

"Yes, very much.
"Why do you want it so very, very much?"
"To study, sir. I can't go to school; but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get absad of me. Besidea, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he need to go."
"Does he go to those places now?" asked the proprietor.

a sailor too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows ceriously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do. I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seem of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseve rance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the book

seller.
"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."
"What is your name?"
"William Haverley, sir."
"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves. I gave him a bank note. "It will bny some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.
"Can I bay what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will bny a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I aaw him again.

counter, so happy that I almost envised him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantie. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of our voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow

with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men how before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, rebukingly:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessed, and not before, nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain a dauntless courage, persecurance, and now actional will manage the everythese and howeverly will manage the every surprise and howeverly will manage the everythese and howeverly will manage the everythese and howeverly will manage the everything and howeverly will manage the everythese and howeverly will be a supplied to the every well as the e

Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain's dauntiess courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.
"I will land you safely at the dook in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."
And he did land us safely; but the vessel snuk moored to the dook. The captain stood on the dock of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gangplank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:
"Judge P, do you recognize me?"
I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

Do you remember the boy in Cincin

"Very well, sir; William Haverley."
"I am he," said he. "God bless you!"
"And God bless noble Captain Haverby!"—Springfield Republican.

Mother of Cromwell. One of the most remarkable women of her own or of any age, was the mother of

Betting saids the theory that sons more Setting saide the theory that sons more frequently inherit the mental constitutions of their mothers than their fathers, certainly the characteristics of Cromwell's nature could not have been otherwise than intensified under the intelage of such a woman as his mother was. With a glorious faculty for self help when other assistance failed; ready for the demands of fortune in her extremest adverse times; energy equal to her patience and amiability—where in English history is there such a woman's equal?

With the labor of her hands she gave dowers to five daughters, sufficient to marry them into families only as honorable, but far more wealthy than her own; and when called upon to occupy a palace instead of the simple cottage attached to the brewery at Huntington, she evinced only the dignity that was natural to her everywhere, and seemed to care only for

everywhere, and seemed to care only for the safety of her beloved son in his dan-

gerous eminence.
So far from her tastes were the gilded so far from nor tastes were the gilded nothings that autround position in the world, that she implored when dying, to be laid away in a quiet country charch-yard, afraid only that, surrounded with state and ceremony, the Lord Protector of England would have her placed in a royal tomb.

mo. The portrait of this extraordinary woman The portrait of this extraordinary woman has been a surprise to every one familiar with her history. Large, melancholy eyes; a month sweet, but as firm as the month of her son; light, pretty hair, and an expression tranquil and tender—these searcely typify the woman that Cromwell's mother was, but afford one more point of discussion for psycholog sta, who claim that the body is a symbol of the soul.

God in Mature.

"I would not," says Mr. Beecher, "for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Labrary, give up the comfort which I get out of Nature.

"There is nothing that grows—no weed, no grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in some way related to God in my thoughts; and I am never so near Him as when I am in the presence of his works—as when, night or day, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world of Nature, and behold its ever-changing beauty. There are no such freecoes in art as God's hand paints in the heavens. There are no such relations with God as come to us through Nature. In the budding, blossoming days of spring, in the balmy days of summer, in the fruitfal days of automn, in the days of winter, in every day of the year, there is something that is a separate leaf to me in God's outside Rible, now that I have learned to read it."

Of Cusious Facus.—The editor of the Northern Border, visiting the naw mannfactory of Mr. Schwartz, at Bangor, learns the curious facts that a soft stone is required to grind a hard saw, and a hard stone a soft saw, and that a piece of each burnt a few moments-in the fire becomes as hard and tough as a piece of sole-leather.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

THE BUIRT THAT OPENED BEHIND.

THE SHIRT THAT OPENED BEHIND.

A man in Greenfield, whom we will call
William, got up the other morning and
proceeded to put on a shirt which his wife
had just made for him, after a new patern. As she stood at the mirror curiting
her hair, she heard a suppressed sound,
half-way between a groan and an oath, and
turning round, said, laughing, "Why, my
dear."

half-way between a groan and an oath, and turning round, said, laughing, "Why, my dear?"

"Hash up: he ejaculated. "Never let a woman attempt to fit a shirt; she can't do it; it is one of the impossibilities."

"But, William—"deprecatingly.

"Don't you talk—let me talk. Do you think I am going down town in this rig? A pretty disposition you've got; just because I happened to find a little fault last week with your ironing, you must go and make me a shirt without a boson! Buch conduct, madam, is unpardonable. No, I won't hear a word. When a starched shirt front is the only finery that a man indulges in, is he not excussible for being particular in regard to that, I should like to know? And this thing sets like the dence. Look how baggy it is here in front, and it feels behind as if there was a board bound across me"—walking up and looking in the glass, hitching up first one shoulder and then the other, after the indescribable manner of a man trying a new garment. His wife dared not speak, but bringing a good-sized mirror from the next room, she held it up behind him for a moment; and perceiving by his chopfallen expression that he saw the point and the front, she ran down stairs to settle the coffee, and sea that Bridget had set the table geometrically. As William walked down to his office that morning he said to the first friend that he met, "I tell you, Tom, that little wife of mine is a born genius. Look at this shirt, now; she cut and made it all herself. Do you see, it's open behind; no confounded button-holes to bother a failow. Just sond your wife up for the pattern." And it was by the way of Tom's low. Just send your wife up for the pat-tern." And it was by the way of Tom's wife that Lizzie first knew that William was pleased with his shirts.

AT WORK BY THE DAY.

Snooks had occasion to call on the Reverend Dominie Thomas Campbell while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at hame, but he's nase in," replied the lady. "He's in the yaird, sooperintendin' Bauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing away to the tune of "Maggie Lauder," and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped unseen behind a water-cask, and heard, "Sauners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sauners, I say! Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I bear ye. What's your wull?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A weel, minister, if it be your wull, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the "Dead March' in Sanl, greatly to the hindrance of what was now painful planing. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae anither word to say till ye. Did the gude wife hire ye by the day or by the job?" "The day was our agreeing, maister." "Then, on the whole, Sanners, I think you may just as weel gae back to whistling bonnie 'Maggie Lauder."

A PERSEVERING EDITOR.

A PERSEVERING EDITOR.

An editor was once out on a jaunt in the township of White Oak, Ingham county, sticking to every farmer until he got his name and money, and it so happened that he came to a house where death had called a few hours before. The farmer's wife was laid out, and the husbandman and his children was restricted over this least the least the least thing.

was laid out, and the husbandman and his children were grieving over their loss when the editor knocked at the door.

"What's up?" inquired the editor, as he saw the farmer's solemn countenance before him.

"My wife is dead," replied the farmer.

"Is that so?" mused the editor, a little disappointed.

"Did she die easy?"

"Did she say anything?"

"Not a word—just went right to sleep like."

"Not a word—just went right to alsep like."
"I didn't know," continued the editor, a sad look on his face, "but what she might have requested you to subscribe for the Cascade, which you know is the best paper in the country. If you want it, I'll take your name right in, and under the circumstances I won't charge a cent for the obituary notice!"
The farmer hung off for arbita but bec

The farmer hung off for awhile, but be The farmer hung off for awhile, but be-fore the editor went away he had two ad-ditional dollars in his pocket, and had written out an obituary notice for publica-tion in the next issue, which the bereaved husband pronounced "a mighty smart nines"

WHY BARNEY WAS RETAINED.

WHY BARNEY WAS RETAINED.

A firm dealing largely in coal in one of our cities—not Philadelphia of course—had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added, "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you anything."

"Begorna," says Barney, "I larnt wan thing since I've been wid ye!"

"What's that?" asked his employer.

"That styinten hundred made a ton."

"What's that?" asked his employer.

"That sivinten hundred made a ton."
Barney was retained, or to use the phraseology of a Southern gentleman, who had just wen the heart and hand of one of New York's most opnient widows, "he resumed the primeval condition of his former rectitude."

The irrepressible joker at the Banks Club, the other day, while touching up his oysters with pepper from a castor, observed to a waiter that "the pepper was half peas." "Oh, no, "said the polite waiter, Club, the other day, while touching up his oysters with pepper from a castor, observed to a waiter that "the pepper waiter, and half peas." "Oh, no," asid the polite waiter, "that is the best sort of pepper." "Well, I tell you that it is half peas.—call Mr. Mills." That gentleman oams, and the joker remarked: "I always expected to get the best of everything in this house, but the pepper is half peas." "That can't be so; we take especial pains to procare it and have it ground in our own mill." "Well, it is so, and I can prove it." "If you can I should like to have you." "Well, John, you just spell it." And the amiable proprietor retired with a sweet and gentle smile on his benevolent face.

THE DEACON'S HORSE, A noted politician and divine, who was an expert at a borse trade, is reported to have sold a horse to one of his deacons. A day or two afterward the deacon called on him, when the following colloquy took

place: place;
Deacon N.—"Elder K., that horse you sold me is store in the fore-shoulder."
Elder K.—"En! deacon? If that he so, I advise you to say nothing about it. You may want to sell the animal, and it would injure the sale of him."
The deacon withdraw.

Constant

"Oh, Miss Corny!"

"I would; and you need not stare at me as if you were throttled. What business has he to go and fetter himself with a wife again? one would have thought he had had enough with the other. It is as I have always said; there's a soft place in Archibald's brain."

baid's brain."

Old Dill knew there was no "soft place" in the brain of Mr. Carlyle, but he deemed it might be as well not to say so, in Miss Corny's present humor. "Marriage is a happy state, as I have heard, ma'sın, and honorable; and I am sure Mr. Archi-

honorable; and I am sure Mr. Archibald..."
"Very happy! vary honorable!" flercely oried Mise Carlyle, sarcasm in her tone.
"His last marriage brought him all that, did it not?

"That's past and done with, Miss Corny, and none of us need recall it. I hope he will find in his present wife, a recompanse for what's gone; be could not have chosen a prestier or nicer young lady than Miss Barbara; and I am glad to my very heart that he has got her."

"Couldn't he!" jerked Miss Carlyle.
"No, ma'am, he could not. Were I young, and wanting a wife, there's no one in all West Lynne! would so soon look out for as Miss Barbara. Not that she'd have me; and I was not speaking in that sense, Miss Corny."
"It's to be hoped you were not," retorted Miss Corny. "She is an idle, insolent, vain faged, earing for nothing but her own doil's face and for Archibald."

"Ah, well, ma'am, never mind that; restits nown gring them are restited.

cous race and for Archibald."

"Ah, well, ma'am, never mind that; prestly young girls know they are prestly, and you can't take their vanity from them. She'll be a good and loving wife to him; I know she will; it is in her nature; she won't serve him as—as—that other poor unfortunate did."

not known they were expected to the wedding. Gentle, delicate Mrs. Hare walked up the church leaning on the arm of Sir John Dobede, a paler shade than usual on her sweet, sad face. "She's thinking of her wretched, ill-doing son," quoth the gossips, one to another. But who comes in now, with an air as if the whole church belonged to him? An imposing, pompons man, stern and grim, in a new flazen wig, and a white rose in his button-hole. It is Mr. Justice Hare, and he leads in one whom folks jump upon seats to get a look at.

whom folks jump upon seats to get a look at.

Very lovely was Barbara, in her soft, white slik robes, and her floating veil. Her cheeks, now blushing resy red, now pale as the veil that shaded them, betrayed how intense was her emotion. The bridge-maids came after her with jaunty step, vain in their important office: Louisa Dobede, Augusta and Kate Herbert, and Mary Pinner.

Mary Pinner.

Mr. Carlyle was already in his place at Mr. Carlyle was already in his place at the altar; and as Barbara neared him, he advanced, took her hand and placed her on his left. I don't think that it was quite asual; but he had been married before, and ought to know. The clerk directed the rest where to stand, and, after some little delay, the service proceeded.

In spite of her emotion—and that it was great, scarcely to be repressed, none could doubt—Barbara made the responses bravely. Be you very sure that a woman

bravely. Be you very sure that a woman who loves him she is being united to, must

experience this emotion.
"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's or-dinance, in the boly estate of matri-mony?" spoke the Heverend Mr. Little. "Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, bonor, and keep him in siexness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall him?"

tone to be correct, and from that time was seldom apart from the Crosbys. They were as pleased to have his society as he was to be in theirs, for was he not the Count von Stalkenberg, looking on with envy, would have given their ears to be honored with a like intimacy.

One day there thundered down in a vehicle the old Baron von Stalkenberg. The old chief had come to pay a visit of ceremony to the Crosbys. And the host of the Ludwig Bad, as he appeared himself to marshal this chieftain to their saloon, lowed his body low with every step:

marshal this chieftain to their saloon, bowed his body low with every step:
"Room there, room there, for the mighty Baron von Stalkenberg."
The mighty baron had come to invite them to a feast at his castle, where no feast had ever been made so grand before as this would be; and Otto had carte blanche to engage other distinguished so journers at Stalkenberg, English, French, and natives, who had been eivil to him. and natives, who had been civil to him.

and natives, who had been civil to him.

Mrs. Crosby's head was turned.

And now, I sak you, knowing as you do our national notions, was it not enough to turn it? You will not, then, be surprised to hear that when, some days subsequent to the feast, the Count Otto von Stalkenberg laid his proposals at Helena's feet, they were not rejected.

Helena Croaby rushed into her governess's room.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| \*\*Part | \*\*Part

On the evening of the day when Heiena Crosby communicated her future prospects to Lady Isabel, the latter strolled out in the twilight and took her seat on a bench in an unfrequented part of the gardens, where she was fond of sitting. Now it occurred that Afy, some minutes afterward, found herself in the same walk—and a very dull one, ten, she was thinking.

found herself in the same wask—and a very dull one, too, ahe was thinking.

"Who's that?" quoth Afy to herself, her eyes falling upon Lady lastel. "Oh, it's that governess of the Crosbys. She may be known, a half a mile off, by her grandmother's bonnet. I'll go and have a chat with her.

mother's bonnet. An go was never troubled with her."

Accordingly Afy, who was never troubled with basinfulness, went up and seated herself beside Lady Isabel. "Good evening, Madame Vine," cried abe.

"Good-evening," replied Lady Isabel. courteously, not having the least idea of who Afy might be

courteously, not having the least idea of who Afy might be
"You don't know me, I fancy," pursued Afy, so gathering from Lady leabels slooks.
"I am companion to Mrs. Latimer; and she is spending the evening with Mrs. Crosby. Precious doil, this Stalkenberg."
"Do you think so?"
"It is for me. I can't speak German or Frauch, and the upper attendants of families here can't; most of them speak English. I'm sure I go shout like an owl, able to do nothing but stree. I was sick

"Madame! madame! only think. I am going to be married!"
Madame lifted her pale, and face—a very and and pale face was hers.

"Indeed!" she gently uttered.
"And my studies are to be over from today. Manima says so."
"You are over young to marry, Helena."
"Now, don't you bring up that, madame It is just what papa is harping upon, returned Miss Helena.
"Is it to Count Oito?" And it may be to make the manufacture of the manufacture

"I will."

Clearly, firmly, impressively was the answer given. It was as if Barbara had in her thoughts one, who had not "kept only unto him," and would proclaim her own addressed her as "Madame."

It will."

It was as if Barbara had in remarked that the governess's English and took a house there soon after I went to live with her. I'd rather she'd taken it at Botany Bay."

"Of course; everybody knows that. I was living there at the time the breshess happened. Didn't the countess call Lady lastel to pieces! She and Miss Levison used to sit, cant, cant, all day over it. Oh, I assure you I know all about it, just as much as Joyce did. Have you got the headache, that you are leaning on you as much as Joyce did. Have you got the headache, that you are leaning on your

might have answered.

might have answered.

Mess Afy resumed.

"No, after the flattering compliment West Lynne had paid me, you may judge!
I was in no harry to go back to it, Madame Vine. And if I had not found that Mrs. Latimer's promised to be an excellent put in Mrs. Crosby. "We have been put in Mrs. Crosby. "We have been put in Mrs. Crosby. "We have been much pleased with you, and I should like you to be desirably placed. As Mrs. Latimer's promised there. But I have lived it down. I should like to hear any of them fibbing against me now. Do you know that blessed Miss Corny?"

"I have seen her."

Statemer.

Statemer.

Latifuser.

"I have seen her."
"She shakes her head and makes eyes at

"He has been married now—oh, getting on for afteen months; a twelvemouth last June. I went to the church to see them married. Want there a cram." She looked

who is mistress of French and German. She spoke in a half joking tone, but I feel sure that were I to write word I had found one desirable, it would give her pleasure. Now, Mrs. Crosby tells me your French is quite that of a native. Madame Vine, that you read and speak German well, and that you read and speak German well, and that you read and speak is a realist. dache, that you are leaning on your that your musical abilities are excellent. I think you would be just the one to suit; 'Headache and heartache both,' she and I have no doubt I could get you the

what could she say? Her brain was in

Mrs. Latimer.
Lady Isabel roused herself, and so far

cleared her intellects as to understand and answer the question. "Perhaps you will "She shakes her head and makes eyes at cleared her intellects as to understand and answer the question. "Perhaps you will kindly give me until to morrow morning "Is she still at East Lynne."

"Not she, indeed. There would be drawn battles between her and Mrs. Carlyle, if she were."

A dart, as of an ice-bolt, seemed to arrest the blood in Lady leable weins.

"Not she, indeed. There would be drawn battles between her and Mrs. Carlyle, if she were."

A dart, as of an ice-bolt, seemed to arrest the blood in Lady lashels veins.

"Mrs. Carlyle?" she fakered. "Who is her desperate longing; at another, a voice appeared to whisper that it was a wily, "Mr. Carlyle's wife. Who should she be?"

The rushing blood leaped on now, fast and fiery.

"I did not know he had married again."

"I do no know he had married again."

"I to consider of it? I had not intended to take a situation in England."

A battle she had with herself that day. At one moment it seemed to her that Providence much have placed this opportunity in her way that she might see her children in her way that she might seemed to her that Providence must have placed this opportunity in her way that she might seemed to her that Providence must have placed this opportunity in her way that she might seemed to her that Providence must have placed this opportunity in her way that she might seemed to her that Providence must have placed this opportunity in her way that she might seemed to her that Providence must have placed this opportunity in her way that she are the desperate "I did not know he had married again." Mr. Carlyle the harband of another?—to "He has been married now—oh, getting on for afteen months; a twelvemonth last fone. I went to the church to see them married. Wasn't there a cram." She looked beantiful that day."

Lady Isabel laid her hand upon her take up her cross daily, and bear it? No;

10 F. 73 C.

were weary with consider not fail to said there every way, who could not fail to said there every way, who could not fail to said there every precisely. She was a Madanan Ving. Proceedings a Proceeding of the woman, an efficient inguist and most clean, and competent to the ridute in all ways. Mrs. Crosby, with whom she had lived two years, regarded there as treasure, and would not have parted with her but for Helenan marriage with a German nother appears ance, went on the latter. "She is the odded-looking person, was regarded as a constant of the control of the control

or ordinary people, for it was tut the best with momentally left her. Would Mr Cartyle come to the fly to hand her could be fast and a series of children a voices. Her children? She wished also had never under taken the project, now, in the depth of her fear and agitation. The hall door was fang open, and there gushed forth a blaze of light.

The two menservants stood there. The one remained in the hall, the other and vanced to the chaise. He assisted Lady lashed to slight, and then busin d himself with the luggage. As she accented to the hall she recognized old Feter. Strange, indeed, did it seem not to say, "How are but with the luggage. As she accented to the hall she recognized old Feter. Strange, indeed, did it seem not to say," How are you, Peter? but to meet him as a stranger. For a moment she was at a loss for words; what should she say or ask, coming to ber own home? Her manner was the best own home? Francis Levison accidentally when they are for it was tut the sound to the francis Levison accidentally because of chall recovered to be represented to the project, for it was tut the sound of children a voices faded away up the wide staticates. Perhaps they had been in to desert, as in the old times, and were now going up to bed. She looked at her new watch half-past seven.

Her new watch is all revision accidentally with the luggage. As she accented to the his was a stranger. For a moment she was at a loss for words; what should she say or ask, coming to ber own home? Her manner was the best of the for level the for level the deal times and the small golden cross, set with the children, and always will be; the shame of having a divorced mother—" It sake the children, and always will be; the shame of having a divorced mother—" It sake the children, and always will be; the shame of having a divorced mother—" it sake the children, and always will be; the shame of having a divorced mother—" it sake the children, and always will be; the shame of having a divorced mother—" it sake the children, and always will what should she say or ask, com-ber own home? Her manner was

Joyce rang the bell, ordered the refresh-

A STATE OF THE STA

Francia Levise broke it for her the first time they ever embarrassed, her voice low.

"Is Mre. Cariyle within?"

"Yes, ma am."

At that moment Joyce came forward to receive her.

"It is Madame Vine, I believe," she respectfully said. "Please to step this way, madame."

But Lady leabel lingered in the hall, bottensibly to see that her borse came in right.—Stephen was bringing them up then—in reality to gather a short respite, for Joyce might be about to make her into the public view. Peter endered.

"I will for her the first time they ever met. If she had looked upon the breaking of that cross, which her mother had endered to see that her way, and the subsequent events seemed to be a her fancy out! These two articles, the ministure and the cross, due to the down." "Most carlyle to do so."

"Most carlyle with the Mr. Carlyle to do so."

"Most carlyle with the Mr. Carlyle to do so."

"Most carlyle with the Mr. Carlyle to do so."

"Most carlyle with the Mr. C

lashel.

"She is dead. Oh, yes. But they will not be the less pointed at, the girl especially, as I say. They sill ide to their mother now and then in test conversation. Wilson tells me; but I would recommend you, Madame Vine, not to encourage them in that. They had better forget her. "Mr. Carlyle would naturally wish them

Most certainly. There is little doubt that Mr. Carlyle would blot out all recol-icetion of her, were it possible. But un-fortunately she was the children's mother, and, for that, there is no help. I trust you will be able to instil principles into the little girl which will keep her from a like

modame."

But Lady lastel lingered in the hall, obtained to part with. She had bring ber mind to part with. She had and, for that, there is no help. I trust you also sealed them up, and placed them in the remotest spot of her dressing-case away from all chance of public view. Peter endown the nested to make the children is mother, do bring her mind to part with. She had sealed them up, and placed them in the remotest spot of her dressing-case away from all chance of public view. Peter endown the nested them up, and placed them in the remotest spot of her dressing-case away from all chance of public view. Peter endown the nested them up, and placed them in the remotest spot of her dressing-case away from all chance of public view. Peter endown the fittle girl which will keep her from a like from the more fervor than she high tabel, with more fervor than she high tabel, with you please to walk into the drawing-room?

A mist swam before her eyes. Was she about to the straining room, madame. What will you please to take? I will order it brought in while I show you your bed chamber.

A cop of tes, "answered Lady Isabel, "Tes, and some cold mest," suggested Joyes. But Lady lastel interrupted her.

Nothing but tes, and a little cold test.

I was Carlyle about to make the children, and the cross please to the children in the remotest spot of her dressing-case away from all chance of public view. Peter endown the fittle girl which will keep her from a like fate."

"My mistrees says, ma'am, she would be gled to entitle girl which will keep her from a like fate."

"My mistrees says, ma'am, she would be gled to entitle girl which will keep her from a like fate."

"I will try," answered Lady Isabel, with more fervor than she high trust you please to walk into the drawing-room?

"No I never was fond of being troubled with children, which children is and the children in the remotest properly perfaining to a nurse, be performed by the nurse—of course taking one that the would be gled to eve you, if you are not to tired.

"I wa she could put the question, as to whether last part in the present to be made ready, and then preceded Lady leabel up-stairs. On she full leady leabel up-stairs. On she full leady leabel up-stairs, on the full transfer of the could not unwary be ber place and the children's. But I hope that I shall never full to gather he action, toward the second staircass. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The door of her old dressing room stood open. The dressing

made her tie up her throat in that fashion? As well wear a man's collar and stock at conce! If her teseching was no better than her looks, Miss Lucy might as well go to the parish charity school?

"Shall wait, maken? demurely asked Wilson, her investigation being concluded." No," said Mrs Carlyle. "I will ring "libby was exceedingly busy taking his anpper. And of course, according to all baby precedent, be ought to have gone off into a sound sign over if. But the supper

baby precedent, he ought to have gone off into a sound sleep over it. But the supper concluded, and the gentleman seemed to have no more sleep in his eyes than he had before he began, it es sat up, crowed at the lights, stretched out his hands for them, and set his mother at diffance, absolutely refusing to be hushed up.

"Do you wish to keep awake all night you rebel?" cried Barbars, fondly looking on him.

on hum.

A lond erow, by way of answer. Perhaps it was intended to intimate that he did. She clasped him to her with a sudden gesture of rapture, a sound of love, and dewoured his pretty face with kisses. Then she took him in her arms putting him to sit upright, and approached Madame Vine.

"Did you ever see a more lovely child?"

"A fine baby, indeed," she constrained herself to answer; and she conid have fancied it her own little Archibald over again when he was a baby. "But he is not much like you."

you."
"He is the very image of my darling husband. When you see Mr. Cariyle—"Barbara stopped, and bent her ear, as if

harboars sopped, and best her ear, as in listening.

"Mr. Carlyle is probably a handsome man!" said poor Lady Isabel, believing that the panes was made to give her an opportunity of putting in an observation.

"He is handsome; but that is the least good about him. He is the most noble man! revered, respected by every one; I may say, loved! The only one who could not appreciate him was his wife; and we must assume that she did not, by the ending that came. However she could leave him—how she could even look at another, after calling Mr. Carlyle husband—will always

crossed the room to open the door for her, and howed her out with a courtly smile. She went up to her chamber at once. To rest? Well, what think you? She strove to say to her lacerated and remorseful heart, that the cross—far heaver though it was proving, than anything she had imagined or pictured—was only what she had brought upon herself, and must bear Very true; but none of us would like such a cross to be upon our shoulders.

"Is she not droll looking?" cried Barbara, when she was alone with Mr. Carlyle. I can't think why she wears those bine spectacles; it cannot be for her sight, and they are very disfiguring."

"She puts me is mind of—of"—began Mr. Carlyle, in a dreamy tone.

Her face, I mean," he said, still dream-

in mind? "I don't know. Nobody in particular," returned be, rousing himself. "Let us have tea in, Barbara." (To be continued in our next, Commenced in No. 31.)

Visit Your Parents.

Visit Your Parents.

If you live in the same place let your step be—if possible daily—a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles—yes, many miles away, make it your business to go to your parents. In this matter do not regard time or expense; the one is well spent, and the other will be fally, even a hundred-fold, repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that your father or mother is gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel, which last hore you to the leved one's side.

This story is told of a seven-year-old This story is told of a seven year-old opsio at a juvenile party. He kept alouf from the rest of the company and the lady of the house called to him, saying: "Come and play and dance, my dear, Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worned out of my life like poor papa?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

White the property of the property or Centre street. Being a stranger in the city I had not noticed the locality when I went with the woman, and I was too much agitated to do so at the time of my escape. After it was all over I examined my pockets and found that I had lost nothing. My watch was saved from the fact that the chain was very strong, and was faatened to my vest with a snap. I shall never let my humanity get the better of my feelings again," concluded Mr. Morris.

Woman and War.

par kni it, pri ing gal

for hor gol sur shi: for

aps of bez

bee is s old bee and sho less

The most brilliant military conception on the loyal side during the civil war was the pieroing of the confederate lines by the fennessee river route. It led to the occupation of Nashville, compelled the abandon ment of Island No. 10, on the Mississippi "Her face, I mean," he said, still dreaming "Bo little can be seen of it," resumed to Miss Anna Ella Carroll. The claim would be incredible but for the following in mind?

"I don't know. Nobody in particular," returned he, rousing himself. "Let us have tea in, Berbara."

"PRILADELPHA, June 24, 1870.
"On or about the 30th of November, 1861. Must Carroll, as stated in her memorial, called on me, as Assistant Sceredary of War, and suggested the propriety of abandouing the expedition which was then preparing to deseend the Mississippi river, and to adopt instead the Tennessee river, and banded me the plan of campaign, as appended to her memorial, which plan I submitted to the Secretary of War, and its general ideas were adopted. On my return from the Southwest in 1862, I informed Miss Carroll, as she states in her memorial, that through the adoption of this plan the country had been saved millions, and that it entitled her to the kind consideration of Congress.

THOMAS A. SCOTT." THOMAS A. SCOTT."

Colonel Scott's testimony is confirmed by other witnesses of the highest social

to Victorien Sardon is black haired, blue-eyed, slight and pale. In one position his face resembles, according to an observant writer, that of a fawn. There is wit and a touch of malice in his smile.

2000

### DISILLUSIONEE.

"It is not gold ""—and from my wrist.
He sitoped the bracelet's gittsering a ire,
And a'er it shook, (grane alchesaler,
The tiquid test', like drops of fire,
Let' where it is iii, the base alloy
larned green. I crushed the worthless toy,

False gold—false love. A moment list:
This image of my friend I hold,
Ot true and tender alche-uist:
Tre with the tent fit his be gold,
One touch—one drop. O false and base!
Would I had never known thy face!
KLEANOR C. BONNELLY.

# STRATFORD-ON-THE-AVON.

BY F. B. CALLAWAY.

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream."

As clear waters are colored by the sky above, so the human life is colored by its surroundings. The beautiful sectory around Strafford-on-the-Avon must have made a deep impression on Shakspeare's soul, in his childhood. The Avon here winds through a lovely valley, bounded, in the distance, by blue, undulating hills, all the intervening landscape of sunny field, and wood, and dell, is enobated in the silver links of this gentle river. Not ar away the grand old castle of Warwick pictures its walls and towers and turrets in these clear waters, and beyond Warwick, Kentiworth lifts up its lordly halis, so famed in history and romance.

We may faney young Will as following the windings of the Avon, on many a bright morning, listening to the carolings of merry birds, or breathing in the delicious incense of beds of wild thyme and hanks of violets, that blossomed so richly along the limpid river. In after years he heard the music that his soul had captured on such blithe mornings. The echo of birds' songs is still ringing in such exquisite melodies as that in Cymbelline.

"Hark! bark! the lark at heaven's gale sings, Avel Physha 'gina sine." As clear waters are colored by the sky

as Shakspeare's birth-place, is covered with inscriptions, in every language, written by pilgrims from she farthest ends of the earth. Even the little windows are written cearth. Even the little windows are written and re-written with names, of every rank, from the prince to the peasant. The very chair is still shown in which Will sat when a boy, listening to the rare old stories which went round the fire so merrily of a winter's evening, about "errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, witches, fairies and goblins."

The carden around the house is beauti

goblins."
The garden around the house is beautifully laid out and kept, and all the flowers that Shakepeare loved and celebrated in his plays are here planted, watched and cheriahed with the tenderest care.

That come before the swellow dares, and take The winte of March with boatty; violete, dim, But sweeter than the list of Jusob eyes, Or cytherest breath; pale princesses, and The crown imperial, with little of all kitols."

Is it not a beautiful reward for the light

perfume?

It is easy to fancy that the little Elves and Fairies come here to trace the foot steps of their darling poet, the sweet singer of Avon; to throw a sweeter perfume on these violeta; to slip a pearl in every cowalip's ear, and unfold, tenderly, the first rose of the year; then dancing under the "starlight's spangled sheen,"

# Italian Battles During the Middle Ages.

The second of the control of the con

### Nathan Rothschild, of London.

The high pricet of the Exchange was not

The high priest of the Exchange was not happy, even in the midst of his overflaw ing coffers. Naturally enough he had few friends and numberless ensentes. In his later years he suffered from constant dread of assassination, He was always receiving threatening istiers, declaring that his life depended on his sending amms of money to certain addresses. He rocated murder in every lineas, suspected poison in every cup. In his sleep he had nightmare, visions of crusching things; in waking hours, he started at every noise.

One morning two strangers were amounced as having important business with the banker, and they were shown into his private office. He bowed to them, and inquired the nature of their negotiation. They bowed and said nothing, but advanced toward him, thrusting their fingers nervonsity into their pookets. R. inhechild's alarm was excited at once. They must be searching for concealed weapons; their bearded faces made it clear to his excited fancy that they were homioidal ruffians. He retreated in introv behind a large deak, seized a ponderous ledger, huried it at their heads, and acreamed "Murder!" at their heads, and acreamed by his anriferously angust presence—what is their no breathing money bag capable of inspiring awe?—they forgot their speech and their common coolness of conduct. They were nearly as terrified as the renowned Israelite; and as it was their and their common coolness of conduct. They were nearly as terrified as the re-nowned Israelite; and as it was their initial visit to England, they imagined that all foreigners were deemed robbers and desperadoes until the contrary was estab-lished.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

When Men are at their Best.

Dr. Beard states that from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of human forms in an sore of land.

"Which of the Fiji blands are you from?" asked a visitor of one of Barnum's cannibals, the other day. "Tipperray, beds," was the reply of the ravenous antirety one of Mr. William Webb, of London, so the littles great things that he affers to put the Lord's Prayer into invisible apace by the same process.

"If Carries Roberts, askid to be a Boston millionaire, has been sued by the Old Colony Ruilroad Company for refusing to pay an extra twenty cents for a passage from Hobrook to Boston after he had got on board the train, when the ticket office was closed and he was mable to get at ticket.

"If The latest thing in dolls, says an exobange," its a young lady of tisted war, who, when wound up and given a big chair at the table, reaches out her arms, se ges a bit of bread and slowly puts it in her month." The oldest thing in dolls, says an isolange, "is a young lady of tisted war, who, when wound up and given a big chair at the table, reaches out her arms, se ges a bit of bread and slowly puts it in her month." The oldest thing in dolls is aswerds.

"If all the original work requires enhanced was being examined with a view of developing his theological attainments. To the question, "what becomes of men who get rich by cheating and stealing?" he promptly replied, "They go to Europe, sir."

"It under the process of the rest is the law is that experience ceases to have any educating power.

"It is anyhor."

"A Now York merchant absent-mindedly copied a love-letter to his "heart's idol" in the letter-book of the firm, before sending it.

"It is anyhor."

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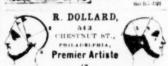
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### THE RUBY AND THE ROSE.

(ih) take was aweeter than the wind.
That bloweth over Indian Iske: 1
As April bright, than June more hind,
Faun-with, and full of windoms with
And I, alan! had learned to find
My only life bosonath her smiles.

He sent my love a ruby rure.
That might have graced imperial forms.
No gon had 1. To deed her had:
I sent her bit a simple rure;
And prayed her, on a night, to went.
The gift of him whose love sin chose.

"Come, queez, of all my beart's desire!
Covers me or als, 'my seed is edited.
To challenge fate. My prises the
of fear's chil. termor. Sings the bird
of hospe for him who dares angire?
A haven's across, and wild of word?

We watched but coming, he and I.
With after dread my heart stond still.
The month wast crossed wated wated on high.
The nightingsis had our his fill,
It he dish distance seemed to die.
The scho of his latest trill.

The flower-trailed gate, our tryst of old, Gleagerd whitely breath the clustering of the dock-etarring samulae. Cold His shadow felt, a ghosely gloom. In the district they the heart o're hold. Has those but has too doom?

A still cold smile slept on his face,
That all my tops to angulet from;
Then, in the effects of the place,
We heard for flower-pied porch unclose,
And—in her bairs wilk sort embrace,
There needled warm a ripe-red rose;

and many perfumed notes and rosebuds found their way to his rooms; but all were disregarded by the actor, who little dreamed that the mimic love he so beautifully portrayed was soon to be a reality in his life.

A young girl of rare beauty and a daughter of the high nobility frequently appeared in the stage box. She was generally accompanied by an elderly female, who shopt through the performance, while she gave undivided and absorbed attention.

Listrac was attracted by her esteem and beauty, and soon became violently in love. Although his passion was hopeless, he, neverthcless, gave himself up to the feeling. His days were passed in dreaming of the lovely stranger, and at hight his first though was the hope that he would behold her, and, although so far removed from her sphere, might gase with rapt delight upon her loveliness. Neveral weeks passed thus, and at length Didier became so absorbed by this altent love that the presence of Mile, de Lancourt sufficed to render his performance an actual inspiration; but if she was absent from her scustomed seat.

The curtain rose, and Didier found himself once more before the public. Girth.

you," added the actor, stung by the tome of contempt.

"An insult from such as you cannot affect a gentieman, and if you dare to furget the respect you owe me, I will have you arrested, and the court will rid me of the annoyanes. Remember, I warn you, if the name of Listrae appears upon the bills and posters to-morrow I will enter a complaint against you, which I need corrosly assure you will obtain entire satisfaction." With those words he hurried away.

During the rehearest the manager and the actor personally received an official no-

ties that the name of Listrae must be with-

tice that the name of Listrac must be withdrawn.

Didier was thus subjected to a bitter
mortification, but, nevertheless, was
obliged to yield to the law, not being able
to substantiate his claim to a name his mother had given him in dying, and which he
had borne from infancy.

The intenne griff which the circumstance
called forth in Didier awakened the deepset interest in him in the hearts of all.

A lawyer, who was nightly in the habit
of visiting the theatre, and allowed an entries behind the scenes, had become vary
much interested in the young sotor. His
attention was called to Didier on the evening after the event mentioned transpired.

"What is the matter with you, Listrae,
and why have you changed your name?"
he inquired.

"Do not call me Listrae," was the response, uttered moodily. "The right to
that name has been denied me. Head this
and you will understand all." With these
words, he placed the legal prohibition in
the old man's hand.

Much interested, M. Guillemet drew
from the actor a full account of his early
life, and the little he knew respecting his
parents.

"He who laughs last, laughs best," re-

parents.

"He who laughs last, laughs best," replied the lawyer. "You have been a mere atom, Didier Listrae—for so I will call you —a mere atom in the claw of this bird of prey, who uses his might and money to crush that which wounds his haughty pride."

There was a tone of intense resentment in this smeech.

That all my hope to exputely froze;
Then, in the effective of the place,
We heard her dower pied perch unclose,
And in her hat's wilk soft embrace.
There mostied warm a rigared nonThere mostied warm a rigared nonDidier Listrac had never known the love
of parsants. His mother had expired in
giving him birth, and no one knew aught
of his fasher. From infrancy he had been
sheltered and cared for by a poor mechanic
and his wife, who lived on the outsitrie of
Parts. Being childiese themselves, they
bestowed their entire affection upon the
boy. At sixtuen years of age Didder had
developed no talent for the trade of his
foster-father; his attention was chiefly
given to books. An old actor who rented
a room in Mine. Michel's house gave him
the privilege of reading the few works be
possessed, which, comprised volumes of
Voltaire. Racine and Moliere. Through
his advice and teaching, Listrac was in
the power and his apt papil soon found
his way before the public.
Having been for a length of time attach
ed to some of the provincial theatres, in
the strike of the conderable comment; many prefused by de, and the circumstance
called forth considerable comment; more
over, Listrac was an extremely handsome
play prefixed by de, and the circumstance
of lartisan manager, and was engaged as
leading man at a high salary.

By a singular chance the name of the
scote belonged to a very high family, sim
ply prefixed by de, and the circumstance
oralled forth considerable comment; more
over, Listrac was an extremely handsome
man, in height still, every high family, sim
ply prefixed by de, and the circumstance
of lartisan manager, and was engaged as
leading man at a high salary.

By a singular chance the name of the
scote belonged to a very high family, sim
ply prefixed by de, and the circumstance
of lartisan manager, and was engaged as
leading man at a high salary.

By a singular chance the name of the
scote particular, the articular was his talent
an actor was most marked.

Emotional dramas were his forte, and in
three control of the

seen species, in such as several weeks passed thins, and at length Dister became so also should by this silest here that the present of Mile, de Lamourt sufficed to reader his rate was absent from her accustomed seather was dail and listless.

One morning, while on his way to rehearsal, he was suddenly accusted by a young man whom he had on the night before seen beside Mile, de Lamourt, and wo with passons have be at once proclaimed who with passons have be at once proclaimed who with passons have be at once proclaimed who with passons have be at once proclaimed the rival.

"Kir," said the stranger, in a tone of haughty disdain, "I believe you are the sector I saw has night in the character?

"Lam," replied Didder, prountly "I am leave such that I am the Marquis de Listrac" "And I am Didder Listrac," replied the comedian, soldly.

"And I am Didder Listrac," replied the comedian, soldly.

"And I am Didder Listrac," replied the comedian, soldly.

"And I am Didder Listrac," replied the comedian, soldly.

"And why "replied Didder, "It is mine as well as yours.

"What right have yon "a pay accustory": I am at a loss, Marquis de Listrac," to understand the purport of your words, responded Didder, "and must begin to make a supplementation.

"You are as confused in law to the name of my ancestory": I am at a loss, Marquis de Listrac, "what is many that it is amply that air, under early dearned to the same of Listrac, under early the seen of the supplemental to the seen of his word, and the seen of his passon of the seen of his word, and the seen of his word and the purport of your words, "replied Dider," and must begin to make the seen of his word and the seen of his word and the seen of his word and the seen, "your claim is resulted to do," responded the actor, quiedly, "lost of early on forget the whom you greak, and the did have to respect to mother than the seed convey the history to his family on the seed convey the produced the sector, stung by the tone of the seed of the seed of the seed of the search of the sea



"REALIZING THE IDEAL '

Awful distilution of Mr. Golightiy, that earnest young enthusiast, on first encountering at one of Mrs. Lyon Hunter's evenings the gifted authoress of "Heart-Throbs: A Lafe's Earthquake, and other Poems;" "The Siren: A Tale of Passion;" "Delilab: A Story of the Pay;" and a large Family of Sensations in Three Volumes, under equally suggestive titles.

vone named by Guillemet. The proof presented was incontestible; and, notwithstanding his rage and despair, he saw that it was clear, yet he firmly disputed.

"This case shall be tried," he exclaimed, "and you will find your way to the galleys for forging snot a lis."

"We will see, chevalier," replied Guillemet. "Meanwhile, allow me to tell you that you not only stand in the presence of your brother, but of your elder brother, whom I recognize as the lawful Marquis de Listrac."

The following day the young marquis returned less arrogant, and offered half his fortune if they would forego the claim, but Listrac was firm in his refusal.

It was the eve of the day on which the

but Listrac was firm in his refusal.

It was the eve of the day on which the case was to be tried. Listrac was seated alone in his room, dreaming of the time when he would be able to present himself before the woman he loved and beg for the right to win her hand. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and a lady, richly-dressed, entered. As he rose to receive her she threw back her well, and he instantly recognized Mile. de Lancourt. Her face was pale and anxious in expression. A look of pleased surprise lighted Listrac's handsome eyes. Accepting the profered seat, she turned toward him, although confused, yet eager to speak.

confused, yet eager to speak.
"May I ask why I am so honored?" he

inquired.

"I have come," she replied, "to ask—to beg that you will not push your auit against Henri de Listrac."

"I cannot grant the request," he answered.

"And why?" was the gentle response.

"Why can you ask? Do you not know? I am the true Marquis de Listrac. In gaining my title, my rank, I have one hope, one hope that is dearer to me than life. His eyes sparkled with new light as they rested upon the lovely face turned toward him.

"I have loved you," he murmured, grasping the papers that lay upon the table, and which established his claim to rank and fortune. "I have loved you - be happy with the Marquis de Listrac, and sometimes think of Didier the actor."

In another moment the proofs were in ashes upon the grave, and he lay at her feet, unconscious—dead to sight and sound.

# Women's Sphere

Women's Sphere

"That woman," says Professor Youmans, in The Popular Science Monthly,
"has a sphere marked out by her organisation, however the notion may be scouted
by the reformers, is as true as that the
bird and the fish have spheres which are
determined by their organic natures. Birds
often plunge into the watery deep, and
fishes sometimes rise into the air, but one
is nevertheless formed for swimming and
the other for flight. So women may make is nevertheless formed for a miniming and the other for flight. So women may make transient diversions from the sphere of activity for which they are constituted, but they are nevertheless formed and designed for materaity, the care of children, and the sfairs of domestic life. They are the mothers of humankind, the natural educators of childhood, the guardians of the household, and, by the deepest ordinance of things they are this, in a sense and to a degree that man is not."

Charles Sumner's Habits.

people who befriended her were poor and ignorant thus all elne for the time was lost. The marquis returned to his family, and was received with favor. He have that your mother was dead, and again married. A fire destroyed the church in which the record of his early marriage was registered, and believing that all proof was effaced he preserved the secret. That which was naknown to him I have, however, discovered; namely, that an official register existed which contains a copy of the act—moreover, that in marriage with your mother he gave his signature in full. This paper, a copy of the register, will enable you to assert your rights.

"I am now the equal of Aline de Lancourt," he said, after a pause, "and may aspire to her hand."

The marquis was punctual at the rendez-

## FRENCH SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

The absence of the unmarried French woman in the American drawing-rooms of Paris is the subject of general remark to transatlantic observers. There are American families of cultivation who have been living in Paris for ten years, and are not on terms of intimacy with a single French family, although they may have Frenchmen constantly at their tables. It is not the custom of the French to have an extensive social circle of friends, as in America; often it does not extend beyond their relations, among whom a praiseworthy harmony generally exists. There are many instances where Frenchmen have married Americans, but very few where Americans instances where Frenchmen have married Americans, but very few where Americans have married French women; but when it does occur, the doors of the interior are thrown open to them, and they are made acquainted with every feature of that private life hitherto closed to them.

These castoms show the barriers which surround the interior life of the French would have been and the difference which writes he

enrround the interior life of the French people and the difference which exists between them and us. However much the Americans may be disposed to adopt their customs, they are nowise inclined to adopt those of the Americans. One would think that when a marriage takes place between the Frenchman and the American girl, her intimate friends would have an opportunity of seeing something of the inner social life through the new connections thus created: but it is not generally the case. She is absorbed by her new relations, who have an aversion to that large circle of friends and acquaintances of which the Americans are usually so fond.

The lines which bind relations together

I am the true Marquis de Listrac. In gaining my title, my rank, I have one hope to the true Marquis de Listrac. In gaining my title, my rank, I have one hope to the true Marquis de Listrac. In gaining my title, my rank, I have one hope to the true Marquis de Listrac, in a mournful voice. "Think there is one then, and they give the answer, in some instances without sold mitted to meet the speaker was only known to her as the poor actor. A blash suffased her face.

"I know the hope you entertain," she continued, "but I have come to tell you triumph in your right, my family will oppose our union. I will be persecuted, wretched; but my resolve all remain unashen, even though obliged to seek refuge in a convent."

"Think once again," replied Listrac, in a mournful voice. "Think, there is one who loves you, whose every hope of happiness is centred in you. Have you no hope to give him? Oh! speak."

"None, none as Heaven hears me. Itell you I am resolved."

As she epoke, Aline de Lancourt raised for dark eyes. Seeing the look of agony so wildly expressed in the face that bent over her, she burst into tears.

"I have loved you," he murnured, grasping the papers that lay upon the table, and which established his claim to rank and forting me." This element is presented for admission, lest it hould disturb harmony. Through intimacy and sympathy they have accommodated themselves to each other shabits and captions, and have succeeded in living in the same groove. The French are much attached to their habits, the proof of which is, that they can never entirely accommodate themselves to those of other lands, but after a season of nostalgia return to those of their native country. This te-The lines which bind relations together didate disliked the game of bezique or the novels of Damas. A possible marriag connection with a foreigner of different re

connection with a foreigner of different re-ligion and race, is regarded with diffavor, and the daughter is kept away from such temptation by general holding aloof from foreign intercourse.

There is much going to and fro between family connections in France, in the way of dinners, breakfasts, and quiet parties of pleasure. Besides the social intercourse, there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a proposition in a matter of business, it is submitted to his wife, and probably to all his immediate connections, before it is decided upon. This is in striking contrast to the American, who often concludes affairs involving the half of his fortune, without his wife's knowledge. It is carried to an extent that is wearisome in France.

— Galaxy

The Gardens of the Vatican.

The Vatioan, situated on the hill of the same name, in the northwest portion of Rome, is at one point connected with St. same name, in the northwest portion of Rome, is at one point connected with St. Peter's, and is the largest palace in Europe. It was commenced as early as the time of Constantine, and was first used as the residence of the Popes in 1377. It is said to contain 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller staircases, 200 ounts, and 4 422 apartments. It is in reality a collection of palaces connected with each other. The superb palace of the Quiriual, the usual summer residence of the Pope, is surrounded by extensive gardens. These are magnifecently laid out, embellished with fountains, statuary, obelishs, and exquisite flowers and shrubs. The grandeur and beauty of these gardens is much schanced by the magnificent trees which surround them, the dense foliage of which is artistically cut into representations of hage stones, forming, in appearance, a massive green wall of enormous dimensions. Between these trees are long walks, presenting almost endless vistas of most imposing descriptions.

### LIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

preter.

6ff The stringency in the egg market is painful. There has been a large falling off in deposits of late, many of the hens having entirely suspended, while others are holding on to their reserves. It is thought, however, that nearly all will be able to resume in the suring, when the cross begin

# Answers to Correspondents.

LIFE.

BY RABENT COUNN ALL.

We are here; branch we sery!
As a service of the single or went;
As a service of the single or went;
As a service of the single or went;
We have the third service of the single or went;
We have the third service of the single or went;
We have the third service of the single of the single of the single or went;
We have the third service of the single of the single or went;
We have the third service of the single of the single or went;
We have the single of the single of the single or went;
We have the single of the single of the single or went;
We have the single of the

A Canine Veteran of the Ashantee

War.

A bull-dog who already bore about his
muzzle some not inglorious scars, accompanied his master, who carried on his
breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee
campaigh. Having, from his breed, a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished
himself throughout the campaign. In one
instance he rushed into the enemy's ranks,
and, singling out one of his naked foes, so
bit and worried him that he actually brought
in his prisoner in triumph. He was such
a favorite with the men, that in a heavy enme fagement they ceased their fire a few minmore of his desperate forays. He lives to
ericy he return and his honors, and is one
of the greatest pets of Belgravia.

Trus is from Edward Everett: "To read
the English language well, to write with
dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so
as to dispose of at once, with accuracy,
every question of figures which comes in
proposition of the first four rules of arithmetic, so
as to dispose of at once, with accuracy,
every question of figures which comes in
practice—I call this a good education.
And if you add the ability to write pure
grammustical English, I regard it as an excellent adheation. These are the tools.
You can do much with them, but you are
helpiess without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begith with these,
look placed the subject of the state of the subject with an explanation; and unless you begith with these
for the first four rules of arithmetic, so
as to dispose of at once, with accuracy,
every question of figures which comes in
practice—I call this a good education.
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You can do much with them, but you are
helpiess without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begith with these
for the first four rules of arithmetic, so
as to his head, and depositing a small
beattern than the subject of the server
delay to the first four rule

The figure evidently refers to the mounting of a horse, sell meaning saddle. Suppose, as commonly used, the quotation was correct as to the worst. We would thus have ambitton overleading itself, and failing on the other side. The other side of whell J. R. R., (Winterbury, Rhode Island) asia: What is the meaning of the word dormalest? Salent Riself means "peace." It was afterwards called Jernaslema, a correspond to Jib. Salem. A. B. R., (Clinton, Jown.) Fund is promoned. "Fower," The pronounciation of "stet-s-stelf layie-ab-tayl, the sh not pronounced very hard. [Several letters are held ever to be answered in our next.)